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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2180.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1898.

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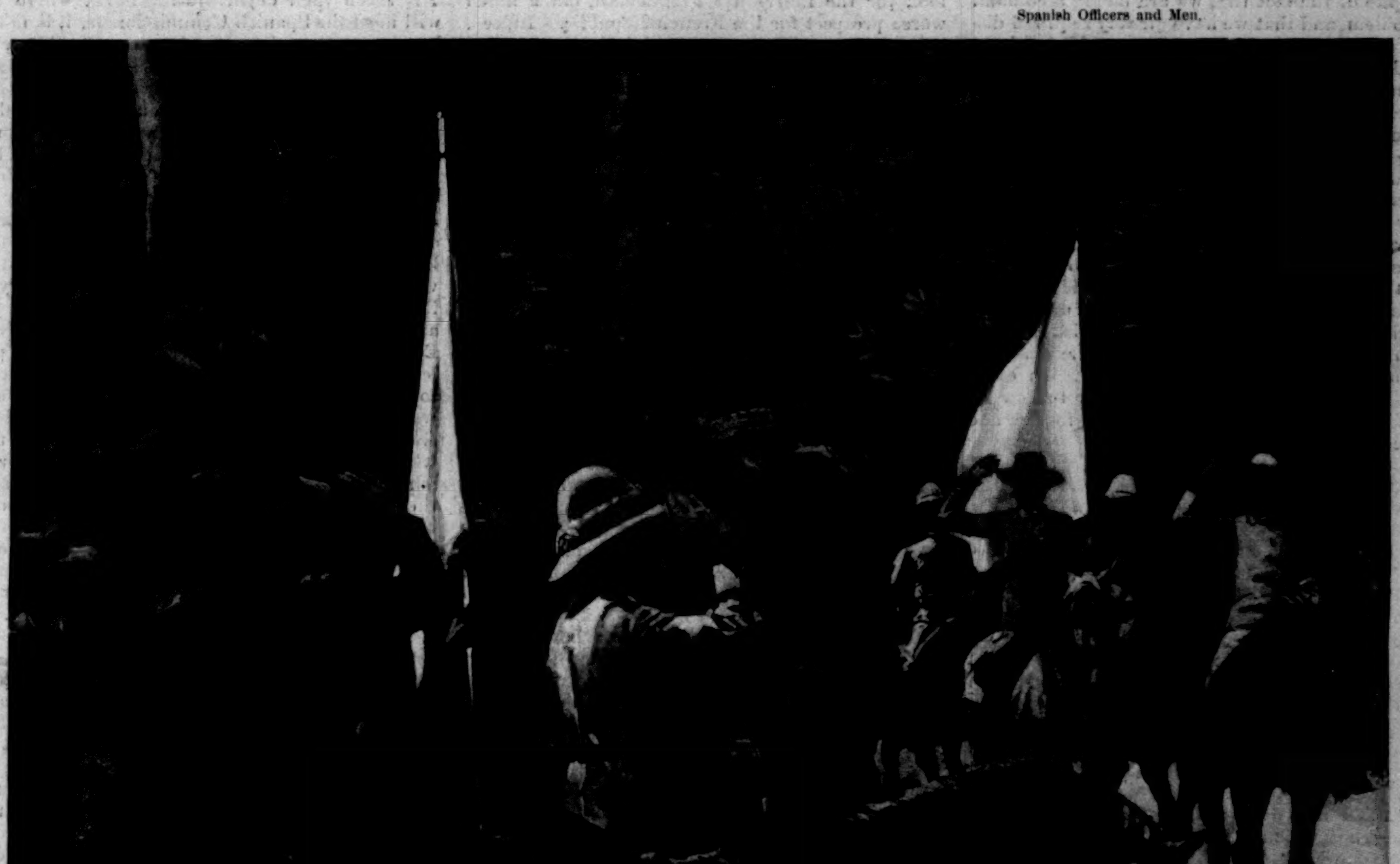

Spanish Officers and Men.
THULSTRUP.
Colonel Glassford.
Colonel Richardson.

PUERTO RICO—THE FIRST FLAG OF TRUCE AFTER THE NEWS OF PEACE.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP AFTER A SKETCH BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 958.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY
(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)
NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 1, 1898

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4 00 a Year, in Advance
Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico
Subscriptions may begin with any Number

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
New York City: Franklin Square
London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris

IN spite of the fact that we are facing a colonial problem, and that we have already acquired distant territories for which no government has been provided, the politicians are taking no steps whatever to arrange a proper system of colonial government. Such a system must have for its basis a permanent colonial service, otherwise our colonial governments will not only reflect but will exaggerate all the faults that obtain in our domestic affairs. These distant governments will be carried on by the "boys," who, far away from home, will not even be under the restraint of public opinion as expressed by the daily newspapers. Not only is it true that our politicians are not considering this problem at all, but they are actually urging the President to revise the civil service list in order that he may take some offices out of the classified list, in which they are now included. In other words, the politicians, instead of rising to new responsibilities, are insisting upon falling further and further below the old ones.

COUNT CASSINI, the Russian ambassador to the United States, delivered himself of an interview the other day, in which he insisted that the Russian movement towards the Yellow Sea, and the securing of an ice-free port as the terminus of its Siberian Railroad, had no hostile purpose in it. This may be so, but Russian assertions and Russian promises are not to be taken without question; and it is to be hoped that Lord CHARLES BERESFORD will make so strong an impression upon the potentates of the Yang-tse-kiang valley that the Russian effort to extend its commerce will be confined to the north of China. The people of the United States are very deeply interested in maintaining and increasing their trade with China, which may become better than it is even with China under Russian auspices, but which will be better still if British influences prevail. It is more than probable, as Mr. H. W. WILSON points out in the September *National Review*, that a firm British foreign policy will obtain and maintain all that is needed for British commercial expansion. Under the circumstances, however, we think that a firm front on the part of Great Britain will be much better than an acceptance of the Tsar's policy of disarmament, at least until the Tsar himself indicates his good faith by beating his own spears into pruning-hooks.

THE difficulty which the President has had in securing commissioners for the purpose of investigating the complaints made against army administration was to have been expected. We do not think that at this time an investigation for the purpose of finding out the persons guilty of the incompetence and indifference which resulted in so much hardship to the troops will be very valuable. The country knows that great blunders have been made, and that staff corps have shown themselves for some reason or other to be inefficient. But underlying the incompetency and indifference is the bad system under which such things are inevitable. If a commission should be decided on to consider this phase of the question, which is essential and fundamental, we do not think the President would find much difficulty in securing commissioners who would undertake the task. If the examination could be diverted from an inquiry whose result must be offensive to individuals, to an inquiry into the system which must be remedied if we are to have an efficient army organization, we think Mr. MCKINLEY would find that first-rate men would come to his assistance. This is the work which is of most importance, and which must be done if Congress is to be convinced that its own interference with military command is the essential evil to be cured.

THE Duc d'Orleans has come to the support of the French army in the DREYFUS case. This is perfectly natural. The Prince desires to be put upon the throne of his ancestors, and knows that his ambition cannot be realized except with the help of the army. The issue in France between the army and the people—that is, between the army and personal liberty and law and order—is growing more and more clearly defined. The army has been convicted of having, through a court martial, condemned DREYFUS to a horrible punishment for a crime of which he has not been proved guilty, and of which it is very clear that Major ESTERHAZY is guilty. He was condemned not only on insufficient evidence, but in secret, and on testimony which is tainted with forgery and fraud; and yet the President of the republic, the head of the house of Orleans, the commanding officers of the army, and some of the leading statesmen of France unite in insisting that his punishment shall be continued, and that his case shall not be revised. In other words, it is held by many high authorities that whatever the army does must stand unquestioned. This is a bad outlook for the individual Frenchman, but a much worse prospect for the French Republic. Indeed, it seems that there is no republic in France, and that the army is her irresponsible tyrant. In order to carry out their purpose to suppress all criticism the chiefs of the army have demanded Colonel PICQUART from the civil authorities, and have lodged him in the military prison of Cherche Midi. This, Colonel PICQUART suggests, is for the purpose of murdering him, and the populace is beginning to ask if the officers of the general staff are all criminals.

THE war has accomplished something for politics in New York. Colonel ROOSEVELT'S career as leader of the Rough Riders has so aroused public opinion, or excited the public imagination, that Senator THOMAS C. PLATT is obliged to accept him as the Republican candidate for Governor. This must have been a very serious blow to the Republican boss and to the Republican machine, but it is not half so serious now as it will be if Mr. ROOSEVELT be elected Governor. He says, and Mr. ODELL affirms his statements, that no conditions were imposed and no terms were demanded by Mr. PLATT at the consultation between the two, when Mr. PLATT accepted him. The Senator seems to have surrendered unconditionally. Mr. ROOSEVELT is therefore not bound even by a promise that ought to be broken. We know, of course, that he would not have made any such promise, and Mr. PLATT seems to have been shrewd enough to realize that it was useless to impose terms upon a man of his character. The result of Mr. ROOSEVELT'S administration, if he should be elected, ought to be the destruction of the PLATT machine. Mr. ROOSEVELT will find it difficult to carry on his office, because he will be beset by demands for places and for money-making opportunities made by and on behalf of men who he knows ought not to be trusted with public employment, but he will have the courage to meet this emergency as he has met other emergencies, and his administration is likely to be a fresh breeze blowing through the corruption with which the machines have tainted the State government. By the end of his administration there will probably be a Republican party in the State, but the Republican machine will be very nearly useless.

WE cannot sympathize entirely with Mr. R. FULTON CUTTING and the other Independent gentlemen who have sought to put Mr. ROOSEVELT in nomination before the meeting of the Republican Convention. We quite agree with them that it is well to vindicate the right of the Independents to make nominations, and to resent the attitude of the party bosses towards free citizens. PLATT and CROKER do not believe that any other persons in the State than themselves have the right to put candidates in nomination, and so far as the Independents' action resents this insolence it is wholesome. But there is another consideration. Mr. ROOSEVELT wants to be Governor, and wants to be Governor through the success of the Republican party, to which he is apparently much attached. That Mr. ROOSEVELT is a good man for Governor has been shown by the action of the Independents themselves, and the desire of the people of the State to vote for him for that office is pretty evident. Now the independent movement for Mr. ROOSEVELT made by Mr. CUTTING and his friends really imperilled Mr. ROOSEVELT'S chances. That the threatened danger was not greater was due to the enormous popularity of Mr. ROOSEVELT, but if the politicians had had half a chance to throw down this popular candidate they would have done so, and would have seized upon the action of the Independents as a pretext. This is clearly recognized by most people, who therefore regard the Independents as marplots. It is one of the essential elements of political success, and especially of the success of a new party seeking public favor, that there should be popular confidence not only in the integrity but in the intelligence of those who conduct the movement. Therefore the fact that the voters generally look upon this action of the Independents as a foolish and useless attempt, and as one likely to result in damage to the candidate for whom they want to vote, injures the Independent movement. We believe in independent movements. We want independent movements founded upon the idea that both virtue and intelligence are necessary to success in politics. The action of Mr. CUTTING and his friends has invited unpopularity, and is the sort of thing which for nearly a generation has injured independent movements and helped to keep the machines in power.

SHALL WE SHAME DEMOCRACY?

ALTHOUGH the Peace Commissioners have taken their departure for Paris, where they will meet the Spanish Commissioners, it is not too late for the American people to express their views upon the policy of annexation and expansion. The administration has thrown the subject into the arena of public discussion, and has invited the people to express their opinions. It does not matter that, to a certain extent, a conclusion has been reached and formulated in instructions imparted to the Commissioners. These instructions may still be changed by the public, if its voice in behalf of reason can make itself heard. Thus far there has been a timorous reticence on the part of those who often do the speaking for the country, although, as has been shown more than once, they are frequently in the minority, and that decidedly. But in the presence of this most momentous problem, the most momentous that has been presented to the republic for solution since the Constitution was adopted, political parties are silent and evasive, and many of the newspapers, especially those which are supposed to speak more or less for the administration, are strangely reticent and halt in their opinions. In truth, we have good reason to believe that this reticence means doubt on the part of some of those who will have most to say touching the ratification of the treaty. But some of the expansion advocates have been so noisy that they have seemed to be the whole country. As a matter of fact, however, the country has not spoken, while its most trustworthy organs have avoided speech, or have uttered only delphic tones. It is the last chance for debate and opposition, and those who fear evil for the country in the possible annexation of Cuba and the Philippines must now speak, or forever after hold their peace.

It is unnecessary to examine with any care or seriousness the arguments which have been advanced by the expansionists. The sentiment for expansion often proceeds from the bosom and not from the head. Fundamentally it is imitative, or at least it is suggested by what is being done in Africa and the East by the powers of Europe. Curiously enough, too, the false impression as to the value of colonies, and as to the methods by which colonies have been made valuable, that prevails in the mediæval mind of the German Emperor prevails also with our democratic imperialists. They are for following France and Germany's revival of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth century method, because England, having been taught, as Spain has at last learned, that the method was attended with disastrous and even fatal consequences, has succeeded in her wholly different nineteenth-century scheme—a scheme demonstrated to be absolutely impossible in such tropical islands as we are urged to assume. Was any important thing ever so droll or childish? The imperialists say, however, that we ought to play "our part in the world"; that we ought to assume our responsibilities; that we have a destiny to fulfil; that we owe it to civilization to see that good and stable government shall take the place of Spanish rule, and that the people of Cuba and the Philippines are unfit to govern themselves. All of this, reduced to sensible terms, means that the United States will be bigger, and its people more entitled to strut, if we take on distant possessions. We dismiss also as of little value the contention that we must keep these various islands because we have taken them, and that their conquest has in some way changed our obligations to the world. We do not share in this view of the impotency of the country. We have just those obligations, and no others, in this respect, as we assume. We have taken these islands in due course of war, and, if it is for our advantage to drop them, we may do so without any dishonor whatever. We are no more morally bound, in the pretended interest of civilization, to keep the Philippines and Cuba than we were bound to take them. The assertion by foreign powers that, having conquered Spain, we are under obligations to them to retain her territory, inconvenient and hurtful though such retention may be to us, is a bit of insolence that may be best resented by not heeding the specious appeal to our cupidity.

We believe that the best interests of the United States will be consulted if the islands can be surrendered to their people, with a proper regard to vested interests of natives, Spaniards, and other foreigners. Whether the government adopted by the people be good or otherwise is not for us to decide with any nicety. The people of every country have a right to determine their own form of government. If it is bad, they must suffer until suffering and experience bring improvement. If it is so bad that their neighbors suffer, their neighbors have the usual remedy. We cannot deny to the Cubans and the people of the Philippines the right to govern themselves without denying the assertions of our own Declaration of Independence. Our refusal to permit these foreign peoples to rule themselves would be an assault by the republic upon what it has declared to be a fundamental human right, while if we proceed henceforth upon the theory that our duty requires that we shall exercise a tutelage over peoples who unsuccessfully try to govern themselves, where will our conquests end? And are we prepared to assert that our own house is in such order, that we can consistently undertake the management of our neighbors' affairs?

Our refusal, therefore, to permit the former subjects of Spain to govern themselves will discredit the democratic form of government, and will deny the validity of the idea on which we based our own revolution against Great Britain. In the second place, Congress solemnly promised that the war against Spain should not be one of aggression or of aggrandizement. Our enemies on the continent of Europe have predicted from the first that we would not keep this promise, and that we never intended to keep it. This is not true so far as the people are concerned. It is a prediction born of animosity. If they consent to keep the conquered territory, it will be because they will believe that conditions have changed, and that the promise is therefore no longer binding. But this, in our opinion, will be a false conception of the fact, and ought not to excuse a breach of our word. Do we want to give the enemies of popular government the right to say that democracies are as untruthful, as avaricious, as indifferent to the rights of other people, as ready to deprive them of their liberties and their lands, as are empires and monarchies? Is there any possible gain that we can derive from the possession of Cuba and the Philippines that can compensate the world for the loss of the faith which it has hitherto had in democracy as the promoter of peace, as the generous succorer of the down-trodden, as the friend of personal liberty, as the bulwark of the modern principle that government of the people is by the people and for the people?

Besides the wrongs that we will do to democracy and to our own reputation for frankness and fair dealing, we must count the cost of colonial government. We shall need an army of 150,000 men for the colonies alone, not to speak of the great increase of our navy that would be necessary. They say that our commerce will be vastly benefited by these new possessions. We venture to reply that for every dollar that we would gain by an increase of trade with tropical islands we would gain a thousand dollars by opening our own markets to the more abundant commerce of Europe. Not only would our expenditures for military and naval establishments be increased, the army would necessarily be wholly regular and permanent. We are already learning that we cannot use militia and volunteers to garrison or defend colonies. We are already hearing complaints from one end of the Union to the other because the government wishes to keep "our boys" in Cuba and Puerto Rico for two years. We have learned too that Congress is not a proper body to govern military forces, and that it ought not to be intrusted with the power to declare war. But these powers are grants of the Constitution, which must be amended in this respect if we are to become an efficient military power. We have learned also that the constitutional power of the Senate to ratify treaties may be dangerous to the peace of the country at times when tension is great. If, for example, our relations with a foreign power, through our acts in the East, should become as delicate as those between France and England on account of the MARCHAND expedition at Fashoda, how many speeches by Senators, such as those that were made against Spain last spring, would be required to bring on war? Then, too, we know that for years to come our colonies must be governed by friends of the Senators, because the Senate has the power to confirm the President's appointments, which means the power to dictate them. Add to all, the insistence of Congress to determine all executive and administrative action by statute, and its constant neglect of all its duties over Territories, and we have, in anticipation, the crudest, most expensive, and most dangerous foreign relations that can well be imagined. We can much more easily count the cost than the advantage of the proposed experiment, and the cost must be so enormous that blind folly alone can urge the country to incur it.

THE CONNECTICUT RING.

THE two uprisings against the bosses of which we spoke the other week have had very different terminations. The boss of New York, so far as the Governorship thereof is concerned, has followed the precedent of the snakes of Ireland, and "committed suicide to save himself from slaughter." Nobody imagines that Senator PLATT would have accepted a nomination so intensely antagonistic to his power and so intensely antipathetic to his taste as that of Colonel ROOSEVELT for any other reason than sheer necessity. He has surrendered under threat of a movement upon his "works."

In Connecticut the case was much more difficult, and the result correspondingly different. It is not likely that Mr. PORTER was under any illusions about his undertaking. To attack the Republican ring in Connecticut was in the nature of a forlorn hope, and it is a considerable personal triumph for the candidate of honesty to have received the votes of about one-third of a convention packed as Republican conventions in Connecticut are. Indeed, it is hard to imagine any conditions more discouraging to reformers than those which prevail in Connecticut. The party rule there is not of a boss, but of a ring. The facilities for ring-making are imbedded in the political constitution of the commonwealth. The rotten borough system, under which a stagnant rural township has the same weight in the councils of the State as a growing industrial community ten times its size, is as promising a breeding-ground for jobbery and corruption as the wit of man could devise. Every rotten borough necessarily has its boss, and every boss necessarily has his price. It is his interest to get his price, and to this end to multiply opportunities for selling himself. Every other local boss being actuated by the same desires, the necessary outcome is government by blackmail. Those who groan under the rule of a single boss have no reason to envy those who groan under the rule of a ring. When the boss becomes intolerable, he can be disposed of by beating him at the polls. But a ring of small local bosses and blackmailers is like MILTON'S angels, "Vital in every part," it "can but by annihilation die," and it cannot be annihilated by a single defeat. As NERO wished that the people of Rome had but a single neck, that he might sever it at a blow, so the unhappy people of Connecticut might wish that their tyrant were an individual, that they might decapitate him all at once. But a boss that is also a hydra is not to be disposed of so summarily. Indeed, so apt are the legal conditions of Connecticut for the production of the hydra-boss, that it is doubtful whether he can be got rid of until the conditions are removed. This will require the united efforts of all the decent people in the State who are ashamed of its present political degradation. That degradation is much more widespread than people outside of Connecticut are aware. It affects not only what is properly State legislation, but what is properly local legislation. The government of log-rolling and blackmail which it produces extends to the affairs of all the boroughs—the rotten and the sound. There is scarcely a community in the State which is not systematically plundered under color of law and the authority of the Legislature. The smallest village in the State is not too small to escape the attention of the local spoilsmen, who together make up the State ring.

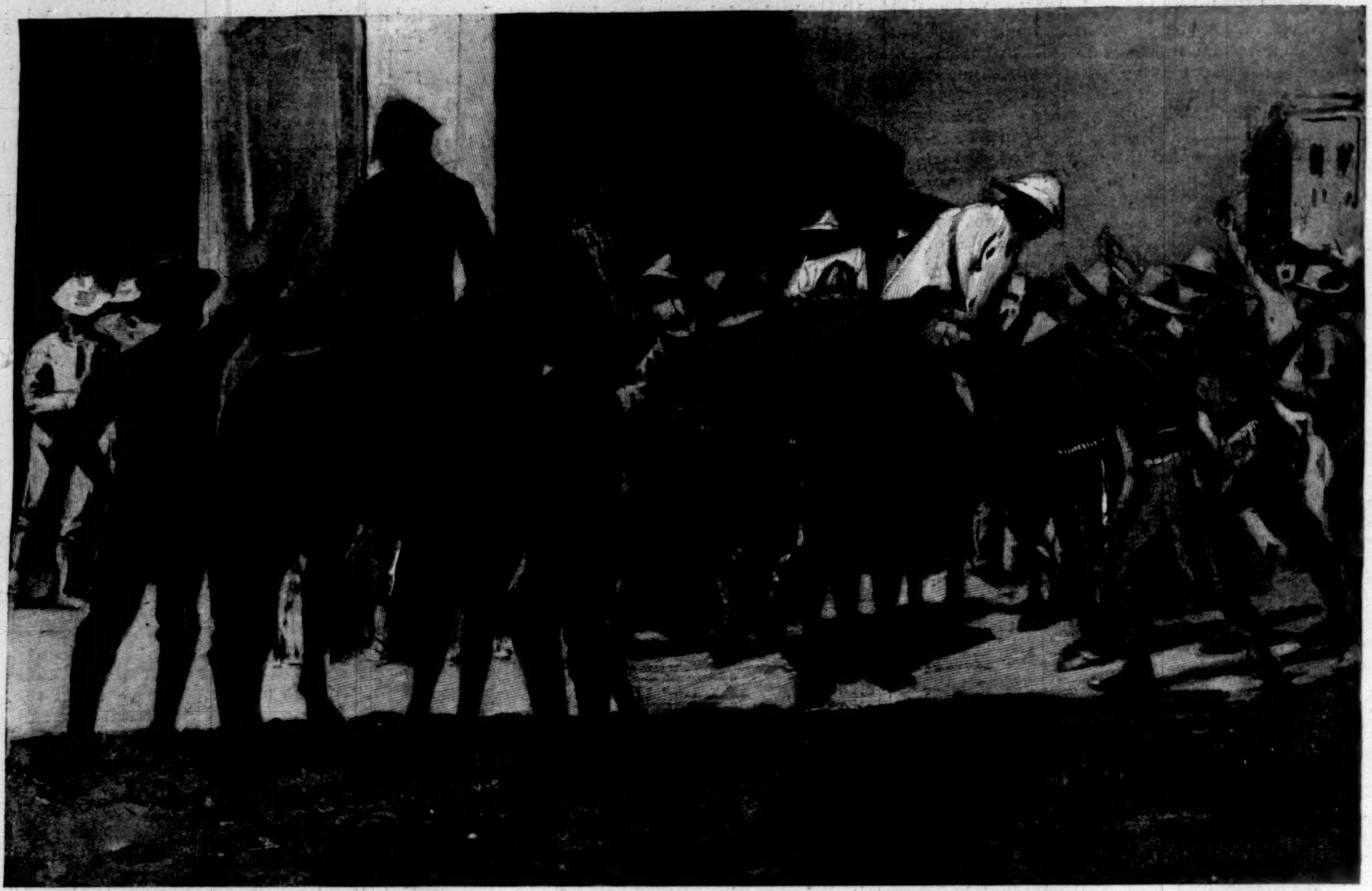
The importance of rescuing Connecticut from the ring of log-rollers and blackmailers which is engaged in exploiting it for their own advantage is obvious to every citizen who does not profit by the exploitation. No American State is in a condition of deeper political degradation. Perhaps in no other does the corruption of politics so "come home to men's business and bosoms." But, thanks to the absurd and obsolete assumption of the political equality of communities widely unequal, the combination of the local bosses is not only in possession; it is intrenched and fortified. The more necessary for the public it is that the system should be overthrown, the more necessary it is for the politicians that it should be maintained. They are fighting for life, and behind intrenchments.

Those who know the strength of the position Mr. PORTER undertook to attack know how bold was his undertaking. To them the fact that he could carry a third of the delegates to a machine-made Republican convention, so far from being discouraging, is full of promise. The political lull of which we spoke last week would have its best result if it should bring about a political reorganization on new lines. How few and slight, for example, are the points of difference between the anti-machine Republicans and the gold Democrats compared with their points of agreement! In no other State does a combination of these elements look more feasible than in Connecticut. Certainly in none is it more needed.

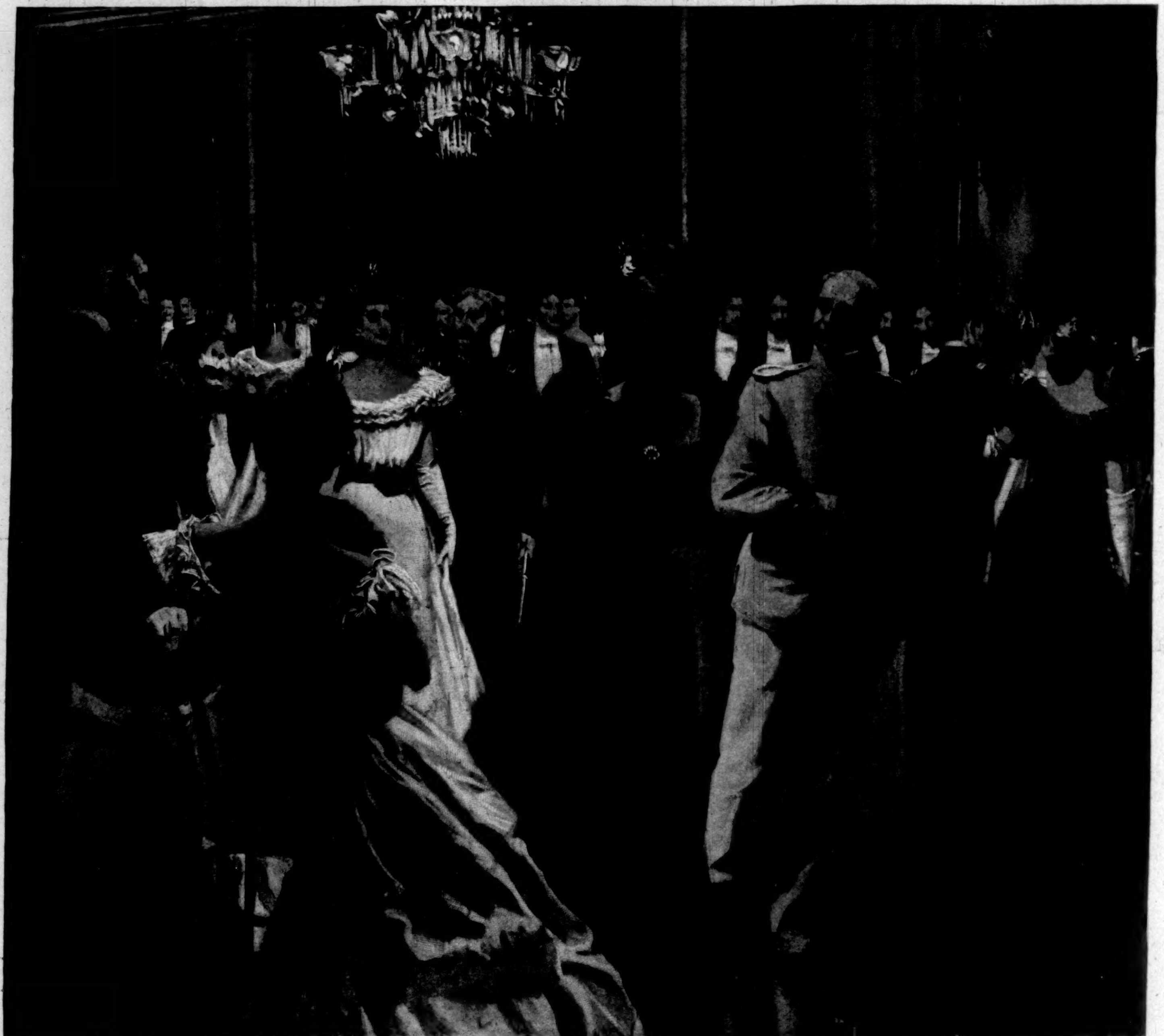
THE REVOLT AGAINST QUAY.

THE public-spirited citizens of Pennsylvania are engaged in another attempt to rescue the Republican party and the State government from the corrupt and withering grip of MATTHEW STANLEY QUAY. While their hopes are stronger this time than at any previous election, because they have the support of former Postmaster-General JOHN WANAMAKER, a former QUAY supporter, and that of a rival machine anxious to control the rich patronage heretofore, as well as now, at the disposal of QUAY, nevertheless, it must be confessed, though reluctantly, that QUAY'S chances of success are not of the poorest. The very fact that both the Gubernatorial and Senatorial successions are involved in the approaching election has bestirred Mr. QUAY and his machine to redoubled efforts. While it may be true, as we are informed, that he is frightened by the outlook, it must not be forgotten that he is usually scared in time to enable him to repair his fences, strengthen his lines, and bring up his re-enforcements. This wonderful capacity of political generalship, although belittled by application to machine politics, instead of being employed in the higher and more worthy forms of political activity, has always stood him in good stead; and never more so than in 1895, when Governor HASTINGS and bosses MARTIN and MAGEE of Philadelphia and Pittsburg united their forces in a determined onslaught upon him. If he was able to win then, when only the State chairmanship was involved, and with the municipal, State, and federal patronage against him, how much more likely is he to win now when a Governorship and a United States Senatorship are at stake; when the federal patronage is already his, and when the State and municipal patronage of his opponents is distributed, with no more in sight? Indeed, we cannot escape the conclusion that Mr. QUAY will win. His own forces are united and know what they want, and, from many past experiences, know how to get it, while his opponents are fighting in two different camps, one for the Governorship and the other for the Senatorship, without any vital bond of union (although both are fighting QUAY—one because it believes all machine politics are bad, and the other because it wants to be the machine). He will win, not because the people are not aroused as never before to the iniquity of his methods and his shortcomings. Last year his candidate for State Treasurer had fewer votes than his opponents combined. The sentiment for better government is now making solid and substantial growth. The reports indicate that Dr. SWALLOW, the independent candidate for Governor, is likely to poll upwards of 300,000 votes, and that he will outdistance his Democratic competitor. All this is true; but Mr. QUAY will win because he will outgeneral his opponents, as he did in 1884 when he was elected State Treasurer, and again in 1887 when he was elected United States Senator, and again in 1895 when he won the State chairmanship fight against the greatest odds.

Should he fail of having sufficient Republican votes in the next Legislature, he would not hesitate to bargain for Democratic votes. He practically dictated the Democratic nomination for Governor through the Standard Oil Company, of which Mr. "JIM" GUFFEY, the Democratic boss, is a leading representative, and with which Mr. QUAY works in close harmony. There can scarcely be a doubt that the same forces which defeated Judge GORDON in the Democratic convention will come to his rescue, if needed, in the next Legislature. Old SIMON CAMERON was not above accepting an election at the hands of corrupt Democrats, and Mr. QUAY, as his apt pupil, has no scruples against benefiting by similar practices. What Mr. QUAY is after is his re-election, not the maintenance of party or principles, except as they benefit him, and it makes no difference to him whether he is elected by Republican or Democratic votes, so long as he is elected.



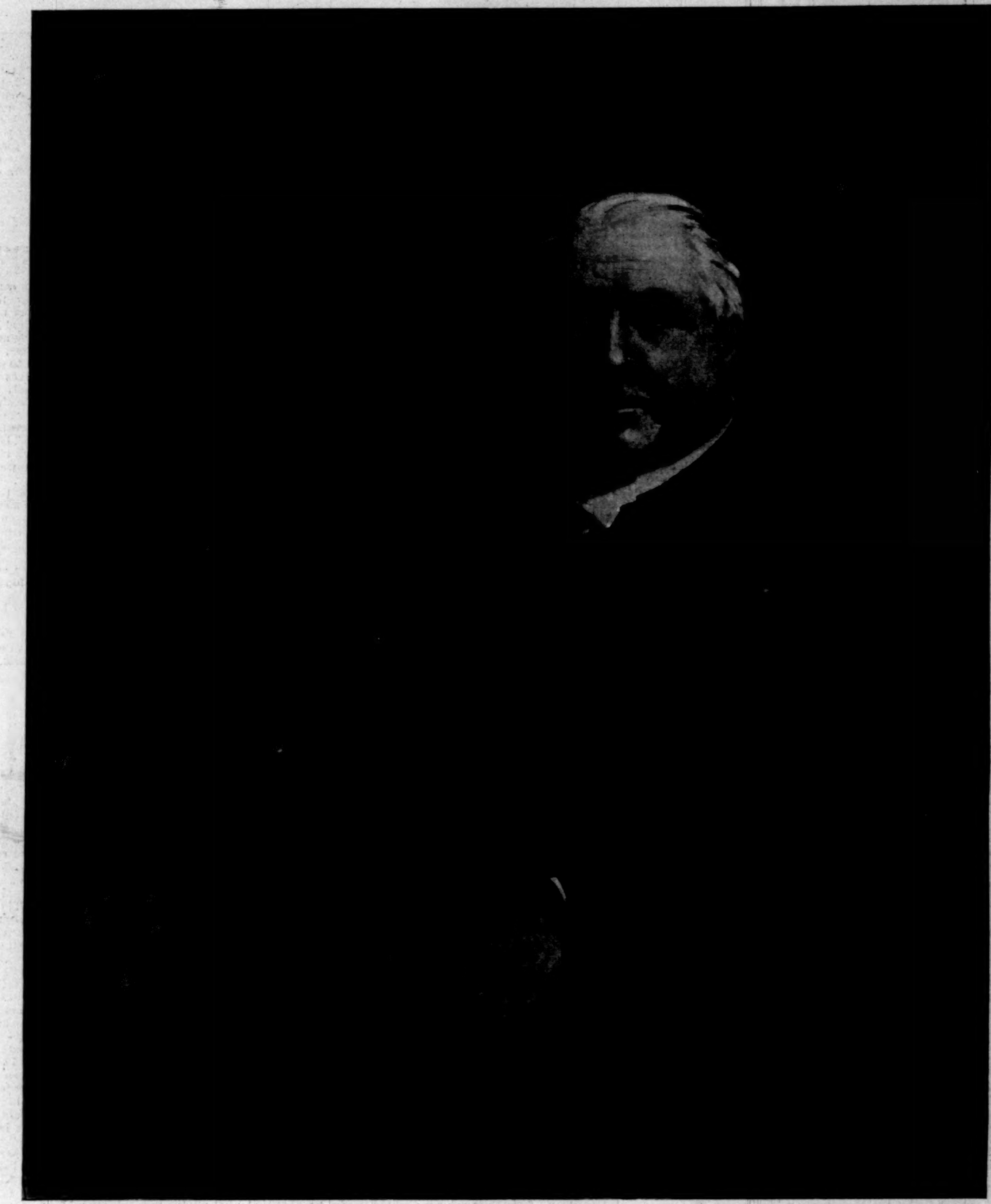
SPANISH AND AMERICAN TROOPS EXCHANGING SOUVENIRS IN THE STREETS OF GUAYAMA.



RECEPTION GIVEN IN HONOR OF GENERAL MILES BY PROMINENT CITIZENS OF PONCE.

HEALING THE WOUNDS OF WAR IN PUERTO RICO.

DRAWN BY LUCIUS HITCHCOCK AND T. K. HANNA, JR., AFTER SKETCHES BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



From a Photograph, Copyright, 1898, by Rockwood.

REV. JOHN HALL, D.D.—DRAWN BY WILLIAM THORNE.

THE REV. DR. JOHN HALL.

The melancholy announcement of the death of the Rev. Dr. Hall comes to many thoughtful people as a sharp and saddening reminder of the transitoriness of life. We are accustomed to submit with equanimity to the inferior and secondary changes incidental to a hurrying and an overcrowded age. Many, indeed, welcome changes of a certain class, as adding variety to life. But all who care profoundly for the best things delight in the continuity of life's greater relationships; and sometimes, to the point of self-delusion, we all but persuade ourselves that things which are strong and wholesome and gladdening and good must remain with us always. Especially is this true of those human relationships of others toward ourselves and toward society at large, which convey to the world gifts of strengthening, encouragement, and consolation.

As one by one the greater poets of the Victorian Age have passed out of the world, a strange sense of loneliness has occurred in many hearts which, without ever having come into personal contact with the men themselves, loved to think of them as alive and speaking. It was so when Longfellow died. Tens of thousands who never had seen him walked with sadness on their faces because of the knowledge that this world no longer held his sympathetic and refined spirit. It was so when Tennyson "crost the bar." He had lived so long, had wrought so mightily, it seemed as if he must live on forever.

So is it now as multitudes who never saw his face learn of Dr. John Hall's departure from the world.

All who knew his name and his worth hoped that the strong and good preacher was endowed with gifts of physical and mental vigor which might suffice for many active and beneficent years to come.

We had grown so used to his presence in the pulpit, to his influence in the pastorate, to his grave and kindly presence in the councils of the church, it had not occurred to us that the time was drawing near when one who had made his pulpit as a throne among us for an entire generation must abdicate the station so long and so honorably maintained.

It is not our purpose to enter into any account of Dr. John Hall's life and life work. The chief facts therein are commonly known. His career in America has had such grand simplicity of outline it is readily comprehended, and has become a part of the familiar and common knowledge of the people. But it does seem worth while, at a time when many changes are occurring in men and in institutions, to inquire into the secret of that hold upon the public respect and public affection which was evidently gained by Dr. Hall long ago, and which he retained to the very end.

Dr. Hall had never felt called upon to enter aggressively into public affairs in this country, as some other excellent men in the ministry have entered; he had taken no active part in political reforms, nor had he identified himself conspicuously with sociological experiments. He had not distinguished himself as a theological controversialist. His opinions on controverted points were expressed with power and with clearness, but so far as we remember he abstained from those polemical activities in and through which other men have acquired distinction. Yet further, Dr. Hall had never gained fame as a rhetorician. His manner of speech had been singularly moderate, grave, plain, close to the facts of life, and of the sort that common people can understand.

By what means, then, it may be asked, did he gain this unusual hold upon public affection and appreciation? We think an answer may be given. Dr. Hall's commanding influence as a figure in American ecclesiastical and social life was gained by fidelity to a certain conception of the preaching office, by fidelity to his official responsibilities, by fidelity to the lives of individuals.

He was faithful to a certain conception of the preaching office. That conception may be described as ambassadorial. He looked upon himself as an ambassador of Christ charged with a message. It was the steadfast labor of his life to deliver the message. He appears to have thought far less of himself and of the rhetorical modes of delivery than of the message committed unto him. He believed that message without mental reservation, and, with a single-hearted earnestness which appealed equally to men of widely different faiths, he spoke what he believed to be "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." There is something in human society which recognizes this fidelity and is drawn toward it. Society may be insincere in many things, yet it is sincere enough to know and to reverence sincerity when it finds it. And whether men have agreed with Dr. Hall in his point of view or not, they have believed not only in the sincerity of his convictions, but in his loyalty to the ambassadorial conception of the preaching office.

So also did he gain his power in the community by fidelity to his official obligations. He brought with him to America an old-country training in the grand principle of responsibility. To watch his busy life from day to day, wending its serious way from one church board to another, from one philanthropic society to another, was in itself an education. Many men are glad enough to accept the official distinction of membership in ecclesiastical or social organizations, and then to let their duties sit very lightly upon their shoulders. Not so with Dr. Hall. For him to belong to anything having official responsibility was a great reality, and in each of his many offices as trustee of religious or philanthropic associations he seemed to give his whole mind to the immediate duties devolving upon him. The continuity of this practice through an entire generation made him a tower of strength. It was by faithful deeds, by regular hours of attendance, by sagacious and thoughtful counsel, he won his great place in the social and religious life of our community.

But almost beyond all else was his fidelity to individuals. He cared for people. The simple annals of human life as they are unfolding within the dwellings of average men, women, and children were great in his sight. The joys and the sorrows, the aspirations and the perplexities, the living and the dying, of simple folk called forth the richest and the best which he had to give. He went about doing good. And as the day has come, which we hoped might be a far distant day, when his familiar face and form shall no longer appear on the streets of New York, few names in all the history of this populous and composite city will represent more honest love and respect of men than the name of the kind, genial, godly Irish gentleman, who for thirty years stood in the midst of us, true to his divine master, and true to his duty as a helper of human souls. CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL.

— UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, NEW YORK.

IN THE MONSOON OFF MANILA.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

CAVITÉ, *August 5.*

WHEN the rain lets up long enough to give a fair view nowadays, this part of Manila Bay presents a very businesslike appearance to American eyes. Possibly the Spanish, looking out from the walls of their beleaguered city, may see something businesslike going on off Punta Sanglei too. His Excellency von Diederichs, admiral of the German navy, may take an occasional glance across from the quarter-deck of his big battle-ship *Kaiser*, flag-ship of the squadron here, and give some time to meditation on what he sees. The Filipinos understand at last, apparently, and if they are not content, they make small show of their displeasure. Anchored in a huge semicircle that begins far down in Cañacao Bay, where the *Manila* lies, and extends out by Sanglei Point clear around to a point just off the arsenal that was once the particular pride of the Spanish, lie thirty-two ships, all belonging to the United States, or in the service of their army and navy. They lie so close together, and spread over so much of the horizon, that at night they shut out the view of Manila from the Cavité shore almost entirely, and of all the great rows of brilliant arc-lights that nightly twinkle along the ruined Luneta only here and there one shows through to warn us that Manila is yet Spanish, and is yet gay, even though hard pressed on sea and land.

To begin with the navy—for the navy began this Philippine business—there are eight ships of American construction whose business is solely the making of war, and two which were built by the Spaniards for the same purpose, but now fly the stars and stripes in recognition of our superior ability at the game. First of our ships, of course, in every respect but one, is the big fine cruiser *Olympia*, flag-ship of the nervy Dewey, who won his second silver star and jumped a grade by the work he did in Manila Bay on May-day. One ship in his squadron excels his flag-ship in the business work of war-making, the Monitor *Monterey*. A long time had the lookouts on the ships of Dewey's fleet been watching the Boca Grande for the column of smoke that should herald the "flat-iron's" coming; and yesterday, when they saw it, and when the solid heavy-weight of the fighting-fleet steamed past Sanglei Point, and her guns roared in obeisance to the two-starred flag fluttering from the *Olympia's* main-truck, a cheer went round the leaden-sided American ships, such as Cavité had not heard since that day when the greatest difficulty with our fighting was the desire of the Jackies to stop and cheer. Close in beside the *Olympia* lies the single-funnelled *Charleston*, standing up very straight and dignified since Captain Glass used her to compel the surrender of the rich and fertile Ladrone Islands. Beyond the *Charleston* lies the *Baltimore*, whose 8-inch rifles silenced the battery of 10-inch Krupps that had thundered so long from Sanglei Point on May-day. It was while she was doing this that a shell burst above the captain's head and cut some of the fore-rigging. "And he just twisted his old head over his shoulder a bit," said an enthusiastic Jacky, telling about it, "and he hove out his chest, and he says, 'Starboard a little.'" Away over by the Tambo shore is the *Raleigh*, standing by to talk to the Spanish guns at Malate, in case they make it too hot for our boys in Camp Dewey. She fired her 5-inch quick-fire guns so fast, in the great battle, that the Spaniards said afterward that when she came along the whole bay was on fire. In by the *Olympia*, on the other side from the *Charleston*, is the *Boston*, and beyond her lies the *Monterey*. At the ends of the line lie the *Concord*, in Cañacao Bay, and the *Petrel*, off the arsenal, the plucky little chap who ran in behind Cavité Point after seven fleeing Spanish gunboats, and came out unscathed, with every Spaniard destroyed.

With these eight home-built fighting-ships are the little gunboats *Callao* and *Leyte*, taken from the Spanish. It was the captain of the *Callao* who came in after the fight and began a salute. Then, when he surrendered, he asked where the Spanish ships were, and Dewey took him out on the quarter-deck of the *Olympia* and pointed them out, eleven pitiful wrecks lying about the bay. It was on the *Leyte* that all the silver half-dollars were captured, which the boys are sending home to "Polly" as mementos. Inside Cañacao Bay is the *Manila*, the Spanish transport that surrendered to the *Petrel*, and is now a converted cruiser. All these are navy ships, and for the war the handsome little revenue-cutter *McCulloch* is in the navy too as a cruiser. It was from her tall funnel that the spark flew, that night they all passed through the Boca Grande, which warned the Spaniards that enemies were near. And when the guns on El Fraile blazed away, the *McCulloch* answered with her 6-pounders as gamely as if they had been 600-pounders. The machinery-supply ship *Nanshan* and the despatch-boat *Zafiro*, with the collier *Brutus*, which came yesterday with the *Monterey*, make up the list of Dewey's ships.

With them are a curious lot of foreign flags. One—the old red ensign of Great Britain—flies from the mizzen-gaff of the ship *Ellen A. Read*, that every South Street water-rat of New York knows as he knows his name. She happened in here one day not long ago with a load of Newcastle coal. Wasn't it handy for Dewey? That happened earlier with the bluff-bowed *Honolulu*, that has wind-jammed all around the world from St. John, New Brunswick. It has happened, too, to the big steam-collier *Cyrus*, which dropped in on her way from Singapore to a place to sell her coal, and *Nyanza*, from any port, for any port, with just what Dewey needed most. Here they all are, with 15,000 tons of coal or more, and all bunkers full in the fighting-fleet. All fly the English flag, and so does the *Kwong-hoi*, a rickety old side-wheeler that just looked in one day with a load of good things, and has never cared to look out again. Now the *Kwong-hoi* has a partner, the *Martha*, of Kiel, and when von Diederichs looks this way with his long glass he can see the black and white and red of Germany flying from the staff of a ship that is selling supplies to Americans. There's a Belgian too, the *Culgou*, most favored ship of all the fleet; has callers every day from every other ship, and the army too. She's a sheep-ship from Australia. She brought 4700 frozen carcasses, and the day she dropped in to call on the admiral he sent a whole sheep to the captain of every foreign man-o'-war in the bay and to every foreign consul in Manila, just to verify the story floating around about how hard pushed for supplies the Americans were.

And the transports, ten of them, most of which shifted their summer destination from the cool latitude of the Klondike to the rain and heat of Manila Bay, just to help Uncle Sam's boys along on their way to conquer an empire for their uncle. They lie well bunched together, with the *Newport*, where General Merritt still keeps his headquarters, close by the wreck of the *Reina Cristina*, flag-ship of Montojo. Outside the bunch of troop-ships lies the line of cruisers and the fighting *Monterey*, a sturdy watchful picket-line. Two of the transports, *Colon* and *Zealandia*, are ready to go home as soon as they can take on a little coal, but it has been too rough for a week for any work on the bay. Soldiers are still on the *Ohio*, *Indiana*, *Morgan City*, *Valencia*, and *City of Para*, and small progress has been made in getting the stores out of the *China*.

We are looking anxiously for the return of quiet weather. The natives say it will blow nine days altogether, so there are two days yet to wait. Then work will go on with a rush, for now that the *Monterey* is here, Dewey is ready to demand the surrender of Manila as soon as the army is prepared to go into the city. Some desperate work has been done in landing troops through the surf, and the Astor Battery ruined their ammunition. They lost a chance to go to the front because they were reloading their shells with powder Dewey gave them. It has not been too rough, however, to stop work on the fleet. They have all been stripping ship, preparatory to the attack on Manila. In the May-day fight boats were carried inboard on the cradles, and many of them were splintered by shells or ruined by the concussion of the guns fired beneath them. Now that they have a good place to leave them, the ships are peeling off their jackets. The boats are all coming ashore, except two for each ship. Steam-cutters, whale-boats, barges, and gigs, they are all piled up in the yard of the arsenal. There is little woodwork to be taken out of the ships now. Most of it went out for the May-day fight, and has never been replaced. They are still using strips of clean new canvas for bulkheads; and on some of the ships, if there are two guests at tiffin, the wardroom skirmishes for chairs.

The ships are good to see, lying out here between the troop-ships and danger. They are clean and bright, and they are just like home. Only their color is changed, and they are bare of the fine furniture and fittings they have in peace-times; but they are just the same immaculate, spotless homes of discipline and good order that we see in the yards or on the stations in American waters when we visit our friends in the service in the "piping times." Their men are clean, straight, manly, barefooted dare-devils, ready for anything that comes, from all night in a picket-boat to all day at the guns, and the quicker that comes, the better for their liking. Next week perhaps we shall see it. Perhaps not till the *Monadnock* comes. But when it comes it will be short, sharp, and to the point, like the dealings of the man who commands the fleet.

OSCAR KING DAVIS.

PEACE IN PUERTO RICO.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

GUAYAMA, *September 2, 1898.*

I SEND herewith three sketches. The first one, entitled "The Flag of Truce," took place one day after the signing of the protocol. Lieutenant-Colonel Richardson and Lieutenant-Colonel Glassford, of General Brooke's staff, accompanied by two orderlies, rode into the mountains, and were soon met by two officers of the Spanish army, also accompanied by two aides. They exchanged compliments and cigars, and Colonel Richardson delivered a communication to be transmitted to the Captain-General. The Spanish officers had not heard of the protocol until some ten hours after our own forces had been informed.

The meetings under flag of truce occur now every day, but with much less formality, we having been invited to lunch at their fortifications, and they having come into the city and accepted like hospitality. One of these visits forms the subject of my second sketch. The soldiers surrounded the Spanish detail and begged for souvenirs. The Spaniards were more than willing to exchange, and did so to such an extent that not a button, buckle, nor sign of rank was left on their uniforms. The officers' uniforms were also minus a button here and there. Our own escort, entering the intrenchments of the Spanish, were importuned in the same manner, until everything movable was sacrificed to the greed for mementos. In the streets of Ponce one is pestered all day by numerous venders of buttons, swords, uniforms, and cockades, and it is now rumored that an enterprising manufacturer is reaping a harvest. While in Ponce I had the good fortune to see the reception given by the "400" of Ponce to General Miles, General Wilson, and numerous officers.

There are in the cities many wealthy people, as one might imagine from the numerous large plantations hereabouts, but one rarely sees a family or gets a glimpse of their family life. As soldiers, we are continually in communication with the poorer classes, and I must say the impression given by this continual association has not been to their advantage. I found the refined Portorriqueño women to be of exceptional beauty. Their manner and grace had the stamp of refinement, and their dress, in richness and taste, was what one would only expect to see in New York's best society. They seated themselves in rows along the walls, and a conversation could only be commenced after many verbal formalities. The dancing was painfully graceful, and quite different from the "hop, skip, and jump" balls of America. The men were tall and slender, rather pale, dignified and polite. Their clothes were becoming, hinting at no small tailor's bill. They are extremely fond of their women, and act toward and speak of them with the most delicate courtesy. In conversation with a Portorriqueño he fondly boasted that their women could never degenerate to the "new women" class, and from what I saw I think the point well taken.

General Miles was received graciously. He was dressed in a white fatigue uniform, but was hardly recognizable without his characteristic mustache.

The orchestra opened with one of Sousa's marches, and immediately followed with a very serious composition by a native.

Dancing and the refreshments followed, and at a late hour the "Star-spangled Banner" was rendered, in a way which showed that the song was unfamiliar; but they have abided with us only a few days, and we can afford to be lenient.

T. DART WALKER.

THIS BUSY WORLD

MR. GEORGE W. SMALLEY has lately confided to the New York *Herald* some very dismal apprehensions about the ultimate fate of the rare books which are at present in the Lenox Library, and which, perhaps, in the fulness of time may be transferred to the new Public Library on the reservoir site. Mr. Smalley is evidently wise about rare books, and especially rare Americana, and very jealous about the keeping and destiny of those Mr. Lenox got together. He resents with some bitterness the amalgamation of the Lenox collection with the Astor and Tilden libraries, and protests vainly, as he admits, but strenuously, against the removal of Mr. Lenox's treasures from the strong-house which their owner provided for them. Many others besides Mr. Smalley regret, whenever they pass the Lenox Library, that that admirable building cannot continue to serve its present purposes. There are no compunctions about disturbing the Astor books or about the action of the Tilden trustees, but there are regrets over the disturbance of the Lenox collections even in the minds of persons who, on the whole, approve the action taken. But Mr. Smalley seems unwarrantably gloomy about it. He is actually afraid the Lenox books won't be safe in the big library. He fears that as the flowing tide of democracy surges along, some yellow journal may insist that a free people has a right to handle everything in its library, and that a body of trustees responsive to the ignorant caprices of some elective body of Aldermen or Assemblymen may allow Mr. Lenox's unique documents to go into unwashed or ungentle hands, and so see corruption. He speaks of "the late Mr. Lenox whose matchless collection is now about to be flung to the wolves," and it seems to be a real solace to him to remember that, after all, the best collection of Americana is in the British Museum, and so, safe.

It would be unkind and uncivil not to regret the harassment of Smalley's mind, but, after all, if we are going to the dogs so fast as he seems to fear, of what great consequence is it that the memory of our early history, and the books and documents that bear on it, should be preserved? If the people of New York are, or promise to become, such a sorry lot of vandals that Mr. Lenox's rare books will not be safe in the great library building which their money is to build, there must be evils in store for us beside which the profanation of the Lenox book-cases will seem trifling and unimportant. Let us comfort ourselves with the thought that if by reason of democracy and bosses and popular suffrage we are all to be rushed headlong to the demnition bow-wows, at least we shall not suffer from flea bites on the way. Let us comfort ourselves further by remembering that rare Americana and most of the treasures that delight collectors are easily kept out of the hands of the vulgar, because the vulgar have very little interest in them, and are bored with looking at them even in a glass case. The wolves have no appetite for mummies. They like fresh meat.

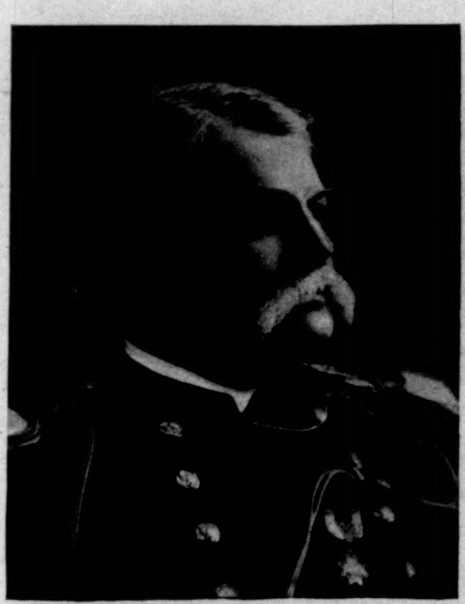
There was a charming story in the *Sun* the other day about General Chaffee and how he dealt with a frightened recruit in the action at El Caney. What seems to be the same tale has come to the WEEKLY from another source—from Captain Haskell of the Twelfth Infantry—and shall have another telling, for no one ought to miss it. As General Chaffee's line went up a hill into action at El Caney this recruit dropped out of the ranks. The general noticed him, and went to see what ailed him. He found a young and very badly frightened soldier. Captain Haskell says he said to him: "Are you hurt? I saw how well you kept up under fire as we came on. Come with me to the crest and look through my glass at the enemy's works. We shall soon take them in the flank. We will try to lead the assault if you like." So, by the gentlest means, he put that recruit on his legs again, shared with him his own abundant courage, and brought him back, renewed and grateful, into the fight where he belonged. That was like saving a soul. The story shows the general's quality—or one strain of it, at least—and makes it easy to believe Captain Haskell's report that the Fifth Corps look upon him as the Skobeleff of our army—a soldier who, like Skobeleff, combines magnetic influence with swift observation, great endurance, and whatever degree of heroism the occasion demands.

Here is an extract from a private letter which throws some light on the reported indisposition of Cuban soldiers to work, and on other things too. It is from a lady now living in New York, but who formerly lived in Havana. She writes under date August 31:

> I am your old friend from Havana, and am delighted to hear from you. I really had given up all hopes of ever meeting you again, but here we are trying to be good Americans—Fred and Michi working busily; Gustav a soldier for Uncle Sam, who has just returned from the Santiago campaign, a miserable weak object, though a native; and having been months with the insurgents, he never failed in health, but the starved state that he was kept in and so much hard work has completely overcome his strong constitution. He is in care of Dr. Bird, and is already showing a difference since being at home.

Perhaps the insurgents knew better than to work too hard in Cuba.

The friends of General Joseph T. Haskell, who died on September 16, at Columbus, Ohio, have at least the satisfaction of feeling that he had had his chance as a soldier and had made the most of it, and that his gallantry and skill had had due recognition. As Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventeenth Infantry, he was in the Santiago campaign, and got three serious wounds at El Caney while leading his regiment into action. Of five soldiers and two officers who volunteered to bring him off the field three were shot. General Haskell survived the field hospital, was brought to Siboney and sent to Fort Monroe, where he made a rapid recovery, and returned to Columbus, where his regiment had been stationed when the war began. He was promoted to be Brigadier-General for gallantry on the field, and his commission reached him on September 7. When the Seventeenth got back to Columbus, nine days later, he rode in a carriage at the head of the regiment through the city. The same afternoon he died suddenly of apoplexy, hastened doubtless by his wounds. General Haskell entered the army during the civil war as a captain, and later received a commission in the regular army. He was known as one of the best tacticians in the army, and was greatly beloved and admired for his fine soldierly and personal qualities. Men who were with him at Santiago, and after, speak with the warmest admiration of his fine spirit, and of his indomitable cheerfulness in the hospital and while suffering afterwards from the effects of his wounds.



BRIG.-GEN. JOSEPH T. HASKELL, U.S.V.
Photograph by Baker, Columbus.

Complaint is made by a reader of the WEEKLY that there has been too much said in this department of it, and in the newspapers generally, about General Wheeler, Colonel Roosevelt, the Seventy-first New York, and the Rough Riders in the Santiago campaign, and not enough about the regulars and the officers who led them. General Wheeler, we are told, is made conspicuous, while very little is said or heard about General Kent. Yet, this complainant says:

> It was General Kent who had the entire command of the Second, Sixth, Ninth, Tenth, Thirteenth, Sixteenth, Twenty-first, and Twenty-fourth regiments of regular infantry, who, with the assistance of the First, Third, Sixth, and Ninth cavalry, were the men who took San Juan Hill. General Kent made himself conspicuous throughout the fight by his gallantry in leading the men on in the terrible charge. It was the regulars under his command who took the hill, and the Thirteenth Regiment who seized the colors. Notwithstanding the facts that General Kent had more men under his command than Admiral Dewey, faced a deadlier fire from the enemy, displayed more bravery, secured such an important position before Santiago as to necessitate the Spanish fleet's leaving Santiago Harbor—notwithstanding these facts, with innumerable others, we do not hear or read a word concerning this gallant officer. Why is it? Prejudice?

Prejudice does not seem to be the trouble in this case. If General Wheeler and Colonel Roosevelt have had more than their share of attention, it has been because they were conspicuous public men and very interesting characters personally when the war broke out. If the Seventy-first Regiment has had an excessive amount of attention from the New York papers, it is because it was the only New York regiment in the Santiago campaign, and therefore the regiment in which the local readers of New York papers felt the strongest personal interest. There is no prejudice against the regulars, no lack of appreciation of their qualities as soldiers, no conscious begrudging of the honor that is due to them; but comparatively few officers of the regular army are widely known to the general public, or as good to gossip about as better known men. The Rough Riders have been more talked about than the whole regular army, but very few persons believe that there is any one of Uncle Sam's ten regiments of cavalry that is not at least as efficient as—probably somewhat more efficient than—the Rough Riders. There is no use of hoping that the volume of gossip about every soldier or regiment shall be determined by merit and importance of service. That is not the way talk runs. Only a very limited amount of justice can get itself done in a short war. A few lucky men get chances, and some of them become famous. An equitable distribution of laurels by the newspapers seems to be altogether impracticable, though we have a right to expect to see better justice done in the official distribution of promotions and rewards.

In a notice of Judge Day, chairman of the Peace Commission, in the WEEKLY of August 27, it was stated that he graduated from the University of Wisconsin with the class of 1870. Information comes from Ann Arbor that he graduated from the Literary Department of the University of Michigan in 1870, taking the degree of B.S., and in 1871-2 attended the Law School of the same university, but did not graduate.

It was noted the other day in this department that the Chamber of Commerce of Cincinnati had raised money to put up at Fort Thomas a bronze memorial of the work of the Sixth United States (regular) Infantry at San Juan. A reader of the WEEKLY writes from Newport, Kentucky, in fervent protest against the notion thus fostered that Fort Thomas belongs to Cincinnati, or even to the State of Ohio. He points out that the fort is on the south side of the river, in Campbell County, Kentucky, near Newport, and is reached by an electric road governed by Kentuckians. He maintains that there is no site in or near Cincinnati so fit for a fort as the Kentucky Highlands, in Campbell County; he avers that the true friends of the Sixth Regiment are the Newporters, and unkindly insinuates that the Ohio metropolis is advertising itself at the expense of its Kentucky neighbors.

No doubt the geographical facts are as our correspondent has stated, but it seems harsh in him to grudge to Cincinnati the expression of an interest and regard, the sincerity of which there seems no sound reason to question. The bronze tablet was a good idea. Why should not the WEEKLY's Newport friend regard it not with jealousy, but as a trophy wrung from the admiring Cincinnati folks by Newport's gallant regulars. As long as the tablet is coming to the old Kentucky shore, it seems as if Newport had inadequate reason for complaint.

No communication on this subject has come as yet from Covington, Kentucky, which seems to lie near enough to Fort Thomas to have a claim on the affections and laurels of the Sixth.

Another good soldier whose death, on September 18, at Fort Myer, Virginia, came as the result of the Santiago campaign, was Captain Allyn Capron, of the First Artillery. He had had typhoid fever, and died from a relapse. He was the father of Captain Allyn Capron, Jr., of the Rough Riders, who was killed at Las Guasimas on June 24, and the son of Captain Allyn Capron, who was killed while commanding his battery of the First Artillery at Cherubusco, in the Mexican war. He was appointed to West Point from North Carolina in 1863, graduated into the artillery, and came to be regarded as one of the most accomplished officers in his branch of the service.

It has been stated (in the *Sun*) that two sons of Captain Capron enlisted in this war, and that one was killed at Guasimas and another died of typhoid fever. Another account says that two cousins of the Caprons, also named Capron, were among the volunteers who went to Cuba. The thread of fact cannot be clearly followed through these somewhat confusing stories, but it is evident that Captain Capron's widow has been sorely bereaved by the war. It is a solace to find it stated (in the *Herald*) that two younger sons are still left to her.

Dr. George W. Lindheim's death, on September 16, in New York, was very tragical. He was the surgeon in charge of 260 sick men and convalescents who came, the other day, by rail from Chickamauga to New York. It will be remembered that the train was boarded at Cleveland by local physicians, who declared that some of the sick men would die if they were carried on, and criticised Dr. Lindheim severely because he would not put them off and send them to a hospital. He brought all his men through safely, according to orders. None died at last accounts, and all were either convalescent or recovering, but the surgeon himself is dead of typhoid fever, and his death is said to have been largely due to worry over the harsh criticisms of his behavior. He was twenty-seven years old. He joined the Eighth New York Regiment as corporal, but, being a Red Cross surgeon, was assigned to duty in the hospital corps. His death has doubtless had an effect in checking the tendency towards reckless censure of the army surgeons.

The marines came out strong in our recent war, not only at Guantanamo, but in divers other individual instances. One exploit that is to be credited to that branch of the service was done by Lieutenant T. P. Kane, while serving on the *Harvard*. On May 11, when that ship ran into St. Pierre, Martinique, for coal, Captain Cotton heard a rumor that the Spanish fleet was outside. Martinique, being a French port, had strong Spanish sympathies, and the verification of rumors about Spanish movements was difficult and hazardous. Lieutenant Kane, however, volunteered to get word of Cervera's ships, and put off in an open boat in an uncomfortable gale to take a look about outside the harbor. He got back in the small hours of the morning, bringing the first authentic news of the whereabouts of the Spanish fleet that reached Washington. His errand was extremely perilous, and entirely successful.

Another good piece of work that he did was to go ashore, climb the hills of Martinique, and observe the flash-light signals by dint of which the natives sent war news to the near-by Spanish islands. By this exploit he got important information, and also was able to make a report, on the basis of which Captain Cotton was able to have the flash-light proceedings stopped as contrary to neutrality. Lieutenant Kane is a son of Captain T. F. Kane, U. S. N., retired, who served with distinction in the civil war. He is a great-grandson of Commodore Henley, who served on Lake Erie and at Tripoli under Perry.

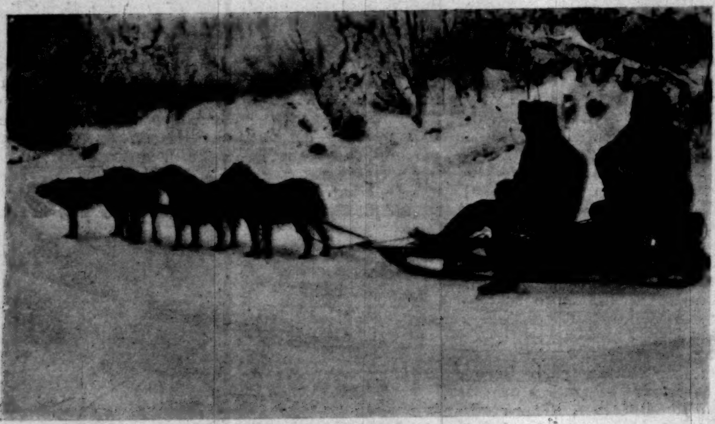
MISS VARINA ANNE JEFFERSON DAVIS.—[See Page 974.]

The prevailing reluctance to accept places on the war-inquiry commission is in marked contrast to the willingness shown some months ago to accept military commissions. It is not recalled at this moment that a citizen was discovered who was too modest, too busy, or too consciously incompetent to accept the President's invitation to become a general. But as for the citizens to whom the President desires to intrust the investigation of the conduct of the war, they are as ready with excuses as the folks in the parable who were invited to the feast. At this writing seven commissioners are understood to have been caught, and report says there are good prospects of securing four more. It will be remembered that only the Quartermaster, Commissary, and Medical departments are to be subject to the commission's inquiry; but, after all, if those departments are thoroughly looked into, the conclusions reached will have application beyond them. It is an unusual case where examination of the liver, lights, and stomach does not yield facts from which conclusions may be drawn as to the patient's general health.

President Eliot of Harvard, being asked by the *World* what we ought to do with the Philippines, declines to express an opinion in the present state of his knowledge of the subject. He believes that until we are more fully informed about the population, resources, and climate of the islands we should not commit ourselves to any final action. It seems somewhat rash of Dr. Eliot to plead ignorance, for the administration is obviously desirous to have the best sentiment of the country with it in whatever action it takes, and it would be just like the President to ask Dr. Eliot to go and look over the Philippines and report. The President's avowed intentions as to his peace policy are, "to do the best I can, with such knowledge and light as I have, in the hope that my acts in the matter will be approved by the deliberate judgment of mankind."

M. Henri Menier, chocolate-manufacturer, of Paris, who lately bought for £125,000 Anticosti Island, at the mouth of the St. Lawrence, is having some trouble over the title of his purchase. Some of the families which have lived long on the island dispute his ownership, and propose to make a case for the Canadian law courts. The purchase was an unusual transaction, and appeals strongly to the imagination. The island is far up in the land of fogs and west of Newfoundland, is 130 miles long, some 27 miles wide, and contains 2,500,000 acres. Its coast-line is 340 miles long, and it abounds in timber, game, and streams which are full of fish. M. Menier proposed to colonize it and establish there an agricultural community. He has prohibited hunting and fishing without a permit, and is raising such crops as oats and barley. He has chosen a pretty big plaything, but his chocolate business has been profitable, and if his title proves to be good, his development of the island is likely to be a very interesting work. The disputants of his claims lay stress on the inexpediency of allowing a Frenchman to control an island which commands the mouth of the St. Lawrence, but it is understood that he claims to have become a citizen of Canada. Yachtsmen will be interested in the success of his venture. There is at present somewhat of a dearth of interesting stopping-places for yachts on the American shore north of Halifax, and a good station on Anticosti might help to make popular summer yachting trips to Quebec.

E. S. MARTIN.

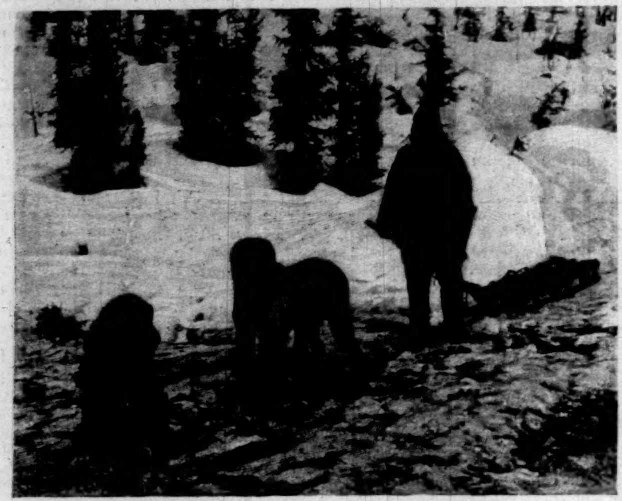


NATIVE DOG-TEAM.

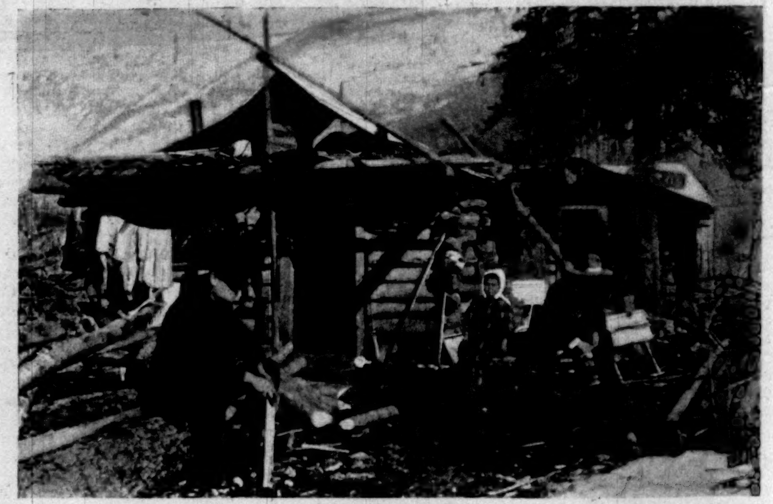
MEAT-MARKET IN DAWSON.

BLACKSMITH SHOP.

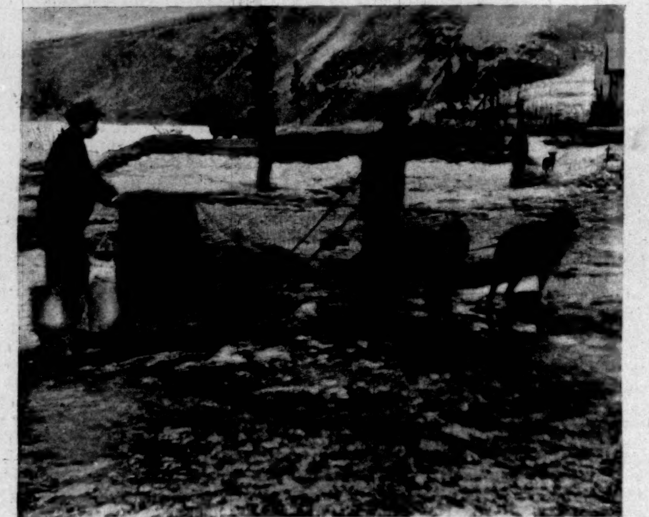
DUMPS AND WINDLASSES ON HUNKER CREEK.



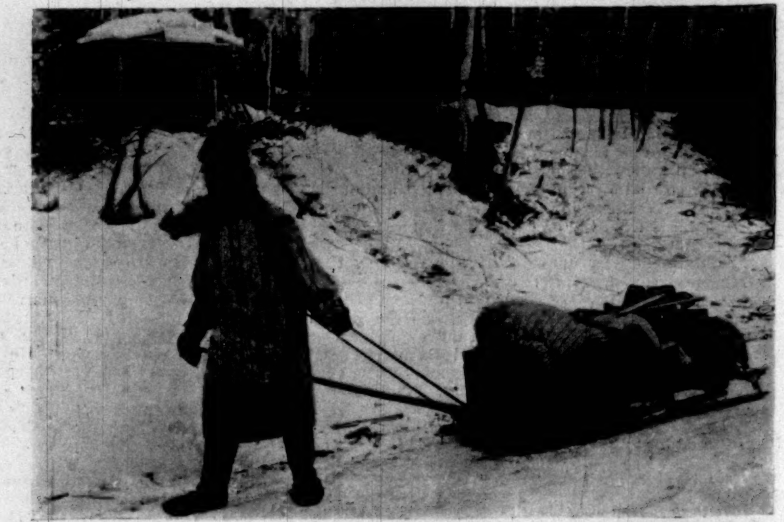
DOG-TEAM—DRIVER IN PARKA AND MUKLUKS.



A TYPICAL CABIN IN DAWSON.



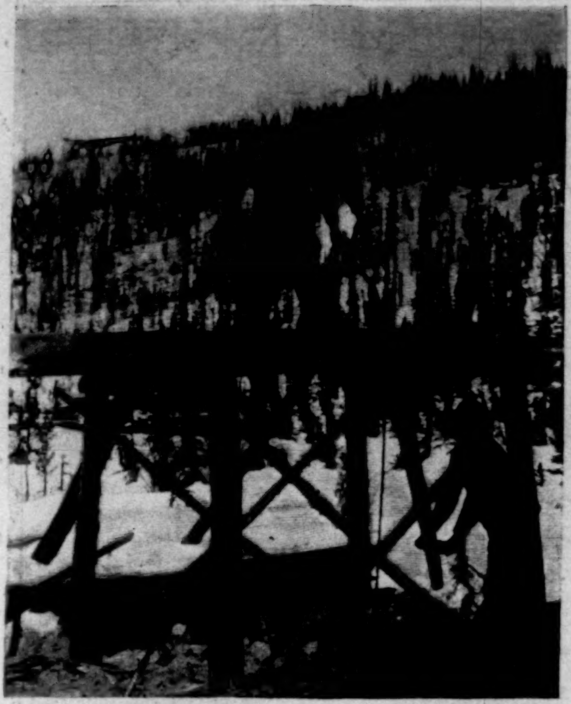
HAULING WATER WITH DOGS.



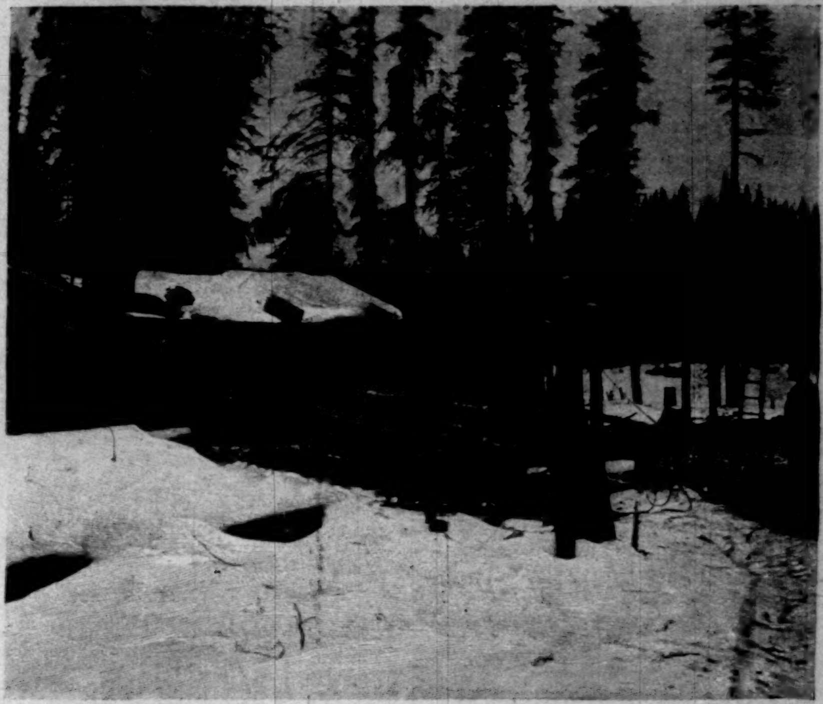
PROSPECTOR WITH OUTFIT AND SLED.

WINTER SCENES IN THE KLONDIKE.

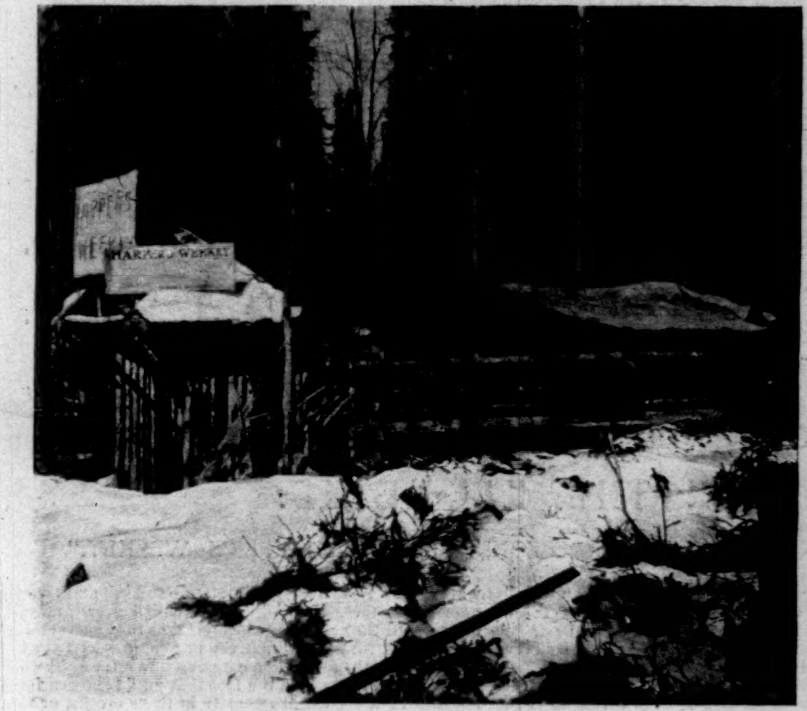
From Photographs by Tappan Adney, Special Correspondent for "Harper's Weekly."—[See Page 962.]



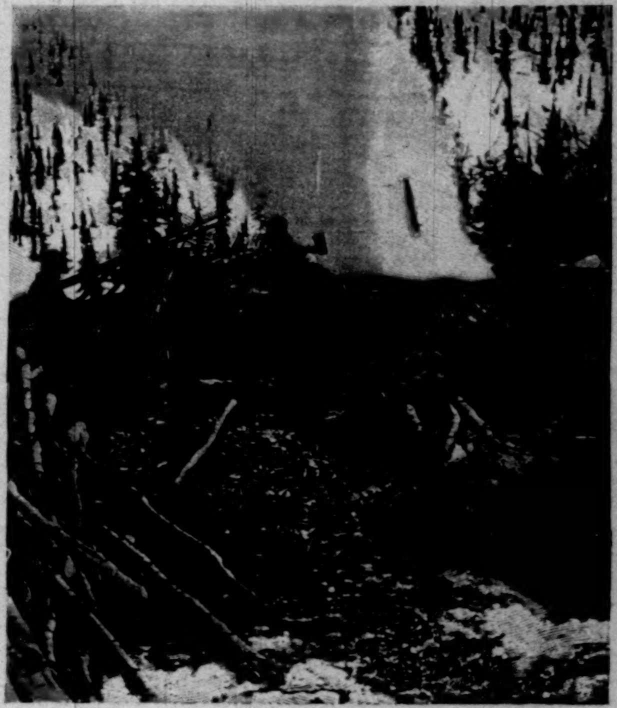
WHIP-SAWING SLUICE-BOX LUMBER.



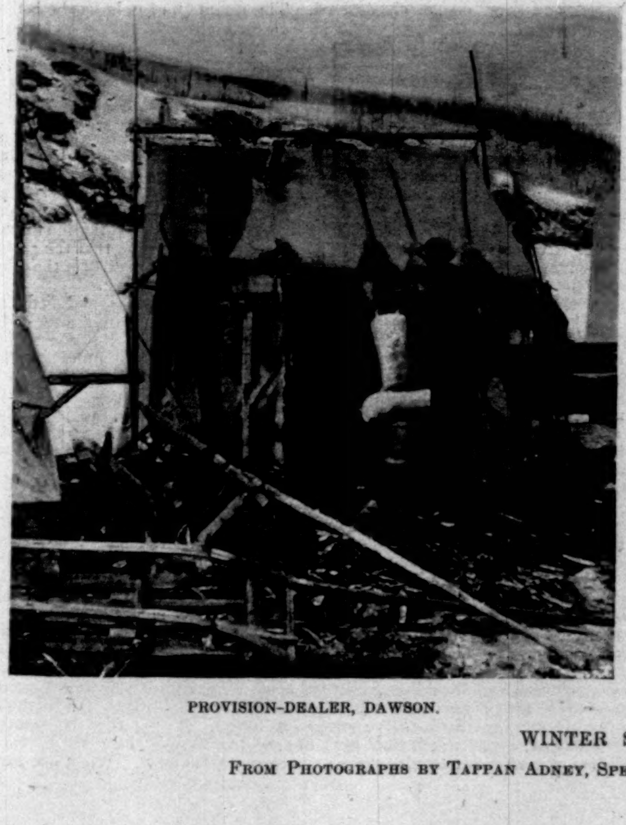
ROAD-HOUSE, MOUTH OF HUNKER.



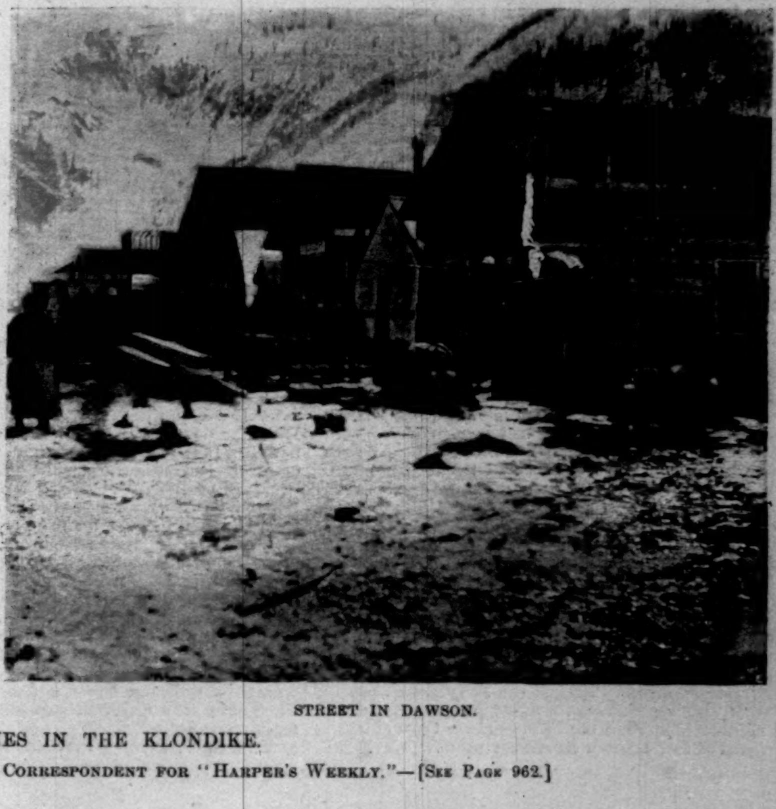
MR. ADNEY'S CABIN ON BONANZA CREEK.



MINERS CUTTING THE WINTER'S WOOD.



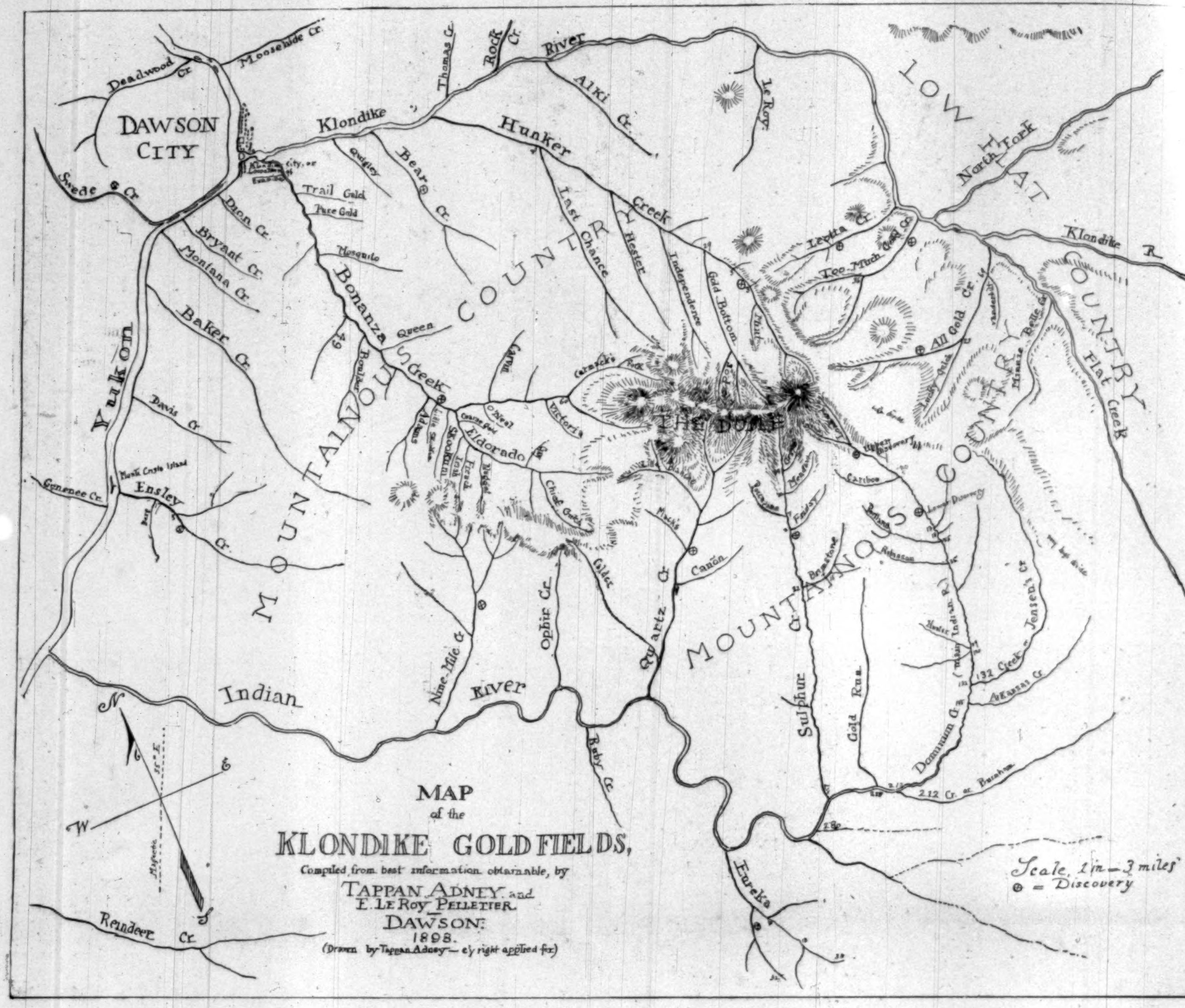
PROVISION-DEALER, DAWSON.



STREET IN DAWSON.

WINTER SCENES IN THE KLONDIKE.

From Photographs by Tappan Adney, Special Correspondent for "Harper's Weekly."—[See Page 962.]



MAP
of the
KLONDIKE GOLDFIELDS,
Compiled from best information obtainable, by
TAPPAN ADNEY and
E. LE ROY PELLETIER.
DAWSON.
1898.
(Drawn by Tappan Adney—c'y right applied for)

A WINTER'S WORK IN THE KLONDIKE.

LETTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM TAPPAN ADNEY, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

DAWSON, *March 15, 1898.*

DAWSON is now, or is about to become, one of the world's great mining-camps, yet little that is authentic is known of the vast region in which it is located. Klondike was, in the first newspaper account that went out last year, described as a place in the arctic regions where the polar bear made its sallies upon the lonely prospector; where the temperature in winter averaged ninety degrees below zero; as a land of eternal ice, where the rivers begin to freeze not from the top, but from the bottom, locking them in solid ice, a region devoid of animal life save for the venomous mosquito, which swarmed in countless millions. The conflicting accounts that go out concerning this country are due in no small part to the diversity of the regions known under practically one name, Alaska, wherein conditions differ as widely as between the North and South of the United States; but still more is due to the fact that Alaska is now, and probably ever will be, the paradise of liars.

No absolutely correct map exists of the Klondike district, and there will be none until the government makes a survey of the creeks, which will not be for two or three years. A number of maps have been prepared by different persons, and some of these are more reliable than others. It will be understood how much those maps differ when the Klondike is given on Ogilvie's sketch as a perfectly straight stream, when, in fact, at a distance of forty miles from Dawson, the river runs for many miles at right angles to its lower part. The Klondike enters the Yukon at right angles in a nearly easterly and westerly direction. It is a stream of forty yards' width, shallow, exceedingly tortuous in its summer bed, with numerous quick "rips" in rapids. In winter, its whole bed being covered with snow, it seems a much larger stream. Its whole length can hardly be over one hundred and twenty-five miles. For thirty miles its rather narrow valley lies between gently rounded hills or banks of slide, the hills on the right being conspicuously higher than those on the left. Beyond this the valley widens into an immense plain, in which the river forks in three directions, the north fork running for fifty miles into a series of bald buttes, the foot-hills of the Rockies, whose great, ragged, snow-capped backbone extends in unbroken sweep from far to the westward to the eastward, until lost in the dimness of space. The main and middle fork extends to the same foot-hills, while the south fork reaches into the southeast, where it heads directly against the McQuesten fork of Stewart River. Concerning the upper part of the river almost nothing is known; the Indians never venture there, on account of fear of their hereditary enemies, the Nahomies.

The name Klondike is from the Indian "Tron duk," which, according to Ogilvie, means "plenty of fish." "Duk" is simply the termination for river, while from the best information attainable from the Indians, it is the place where fish-weirs are set up. On each side of the mouth of the Klondike there is a flat some twenty feet above the river. The upper one is only a few acres in extent, is the old Indian burying-ground, and at the present time is the site of Klondike City, generally known by the name of Lousetown. It is the spot where the boats first land that come down the river, and contains now several score of cabins. The lower part is a mile and a half long and nearly a quarter of a mile wide, being at the base of an impressive bank four or five hundred feet in height. On this is built the city of Dawson, containing now about three hundred cabins, the pretentious buildings and warehouses of the trading companies, saloons, and dance-hall, and the barracks of the Mounted Police on the government reservation at the Klondike end, together with every variety of habitation from tents to scows with houses built upon them. The population is about two thousand, while that of the whole district is hardly less than five thousand.

Klondike had been prospected years ago, but it was regarded as a "moose pasture," not worth the trouble of working. There was no confidence in any of the creeks on the east side of the Yukon. With the exception of bar diggings on Stewart River, all the pay gold has been found in the streams entering the Yukon on the other side. Sixty Mile, fifty-five miles above, with its rich tributary, Miller Creek; Forty Mile, fifty miles below Dawson, and the Brick Creek district, which lies in the same region. Bonanza Creek, on which the first strike was made, enters the Klondike on the right-hand side, about a mile from its mouth. It is about twenty-eight miles in length, being one of the largest in the district. El Dorado is a "pup," a tributary of Bonanza, entering it fourteen miles up. A few miles further up Bear Creek enters, and nine miles from Dawson, Hunker, a stream nearly the size of Bonanza. Above these, at a distance of about forty miles from the mouth, are Leotta and Too Much Gold, and five miles beyond these, All Gold. By reason of the great bend in the Klondike, all these creeks, like the spokes of a wheel pointing towards a hub, have their sources in a great mass of peaks known as the Dome. On the other side of this mountain backbone are a number of creeks, corresponding in size and importance with those on the north, being the tributaries of Indian River, a stream of some size entering the Yukon in a direction parallel with Klondike, thirty miles above Dawson. The chief of these are Dominion, and Sulphur, heading opposite Hunker, All Gold, etc., Quartz, Ophir, and Nine Mile, in succession to the westward. The Dome, or divide, stands so high and c uous above the surrounding hills, which grow gra less toward the mouths of the creeks, as to suggest a larger mass through which the present creeks hav their way, at the same time carrying down the gold lies in their beds. And the fact that gold has been thus far in the greatest quantity in those creeks, o of those creeks, that head directly into the Dome, ha suaded many that this ridge contains what is left mother lode from which the riches of El Dorado an nanza are derived. The quantity of gold in the b these streams cannot be estimated and cannot be ex ated. There is as yet but one El Dorado, they say, other stream has been prospected to the same ext El Dorado. Gold lies in the bed of every stream, b difficulties of working it out, and the wholly inade number of prospectors, make this country as little k as a year ago. It will be a year before it can be kn

The country lies under a thick bed of moss, even tops of the hills, and under this moss the ground is r frozen as far as one can dig. When this moss is str off, the ground thaws readily enough. Formerly, al work was conducted by stripping and washing in sur About three years ago it was discovered that the g could be thawed by burning, which opened up the winter, till then spent in idleness, for work.

The streams here are not what are called bed streams—that is, the water does not run over a rock —but under the present streams is a deposit of decay getable mould or peat, called muck. This muck is of great depth—in one place in a part of Bonanza, eight feet. Under this is gravel, then the bed-rock. gold lies in this gravel, and not only on, but in th rock. For bed-rock, in miners' parlance, does not sarily mean hard rock, but anything that will catc hold the particles of gold as the water carries it down.

The hole which is sunk is usually about three by fiv Each fire burns down about a foot, and is usually s at night. By morning the hole is clear of smoke, the is softened and can be lifted out. When the hole has sunk ten feet, or as deep as a man can shovel, a win is set up, and the dirt is hoisted out in a square b bucket, and lifted upon the dump. Every little w after gravel is reached, a panful is taken to the cabin washed out, and by this it is known when "pay" is re ed. Where the creek bed is wide, or where there has much sliding in, several holes will often have to be in a line across the creek from rim to rim, and there nected by drifting, before the pay, which lies in the bed of the stream, is found. It will thus be seen much time, both of actual work and "dead work," is sumed making any prospect of a claim. When one st on the Dome and sees the miles of creeks all staked to their sources, likewise every pup, he realizes the years that will elapse, and the thousands of men that must work, before what is in every claim can be known.

The main work of the district is being done on El Dorado, which, as far as the forties, or four miles up, is rich beyond the power of imagination to conceive. Yet there are total blanks on El Dorado. On Hunker there is a blank between two of the richest claims on the creek. The gold has slipped over, apparently. Bonanza is spotted from top to bottom, yet the total amount that will be taken out will be large, and there are some very rich claims. Hunker will also turn out a large quantity of gold. Next to this comes Dominion, a creek of great promise, while it is impossible to say in what order the others come. They all show promise, but hardly more can be said, for the amount of work done on them is insignificant.

Thousands of claims have been staked in the Klondike before this winter, no prospect whatever having been made, save what can be done on the side of a tree with an axe and a bad lead-pencil. Thus all the "pups" and fractions on old creeks, and every new creek within fifty miles of Dawson, have been staked in a succession of stampedes of the wildest description. Only one claim was allowed in the Klondike; but every stream putting into the Yukon carried a new right. The Gold Commissioner, however, has limited the number of rights in the whole territory to four. The reduction from 500 feet to 100 has not in the least lessened the number and wildness of these stampedes. Whole creeks have been staked by one man, who gave or sold the numbers for relocation. The result of this indiscriminate staking and recording is that there has been endless confusion in the commissioner's office; fifty claims a day have been recorded all winter, the men standing in big lines outside the commissioner's office, waiting. The commissioner has taken the oath of stakers as to the existence not only of claims and fractions, but of creeks. In consequence, he has recorded fractions that did not exist, and those fractions have been sold on the strength of the commissioner's certificate. He has had a wholly inadequate corps of assistants. He has recorded a total of 7500 placer claims.

As soon as creeks to be stampeded began to run out, attention was turned to quartz, and there have been some astounding results. It is shown beyond a doubt that as there is gold in some quantity in almost every creek, so is the whole country underlaid with veins and ledges of quartz. When the snow goes off, greater results will follow. If the gold in the placer has come out of quartz near at hand, as everything points, then, after the placer is worked out, we may expect to see quartz-mines on a scale correspondingly larger.

The evidence that the gold is not from one, perhaps distant, source, brought hither by glacier or river, is that the gold in creeks adjacent is dissimilar and easily distinguishable. El Dorado gold is paler, being more silver, than Bonanza gold. Hunker is purest of all. The gold has come from the disintegration of the quartz in the immediate vicinity. There is one curious thing: the "bench" claims, on the side of the hill above the creek claims, are paying sometimes more than the creek. This is especially so about the Skookums, just below El Dorado. The largest nuggets, one of $455, found this winter, came from a bench on Skookum; another, of $262, came from a bench on El Dorado.

In consequence of these finds, the whole side of the creek, from the lower numbers of El Dorado down to Little Skookum, has been staked out to the fourth tier, holes have been sunk to bed-rock, and the most sensational discoveries have been made. The singular thing is that even though abutting on Bonanza, they bear El Dorado gold, showing that at one time the old bed of El Dorado ran across these benches. In further corroboration of this belief, which prevails here, it has been observed on Bonanza that ledge crops out every few claims on the creek. The claims at the crossing of the ledge are barren, but just below is the gold, coarse gold, and the farther down one goes the finer and more scattered the gold, until it peters out. Below the next ledge the same is repeated. At the present time, below the ledge, scores of men are piling the dirt into large dumps. As one goes down, the dumps grow smaller and there is less work being done, while at the end the men have thrown up their lays, leaving the deserted windlasses and dumps.

It is really impossible to know what is being got on the creeks. The mine-owners cannot be expected to tell, and, as a rule, do not. The reports of rich finds are generally, though not always, the invention of those with interests in the creeks to boom. On Bonanza and on Hunker there has been much dissatisfaction on account of lays not turning out, and men by the score have gone to work for wages, or taken new lays. A claim on Bonanza or El Dorado is by no means a sure thing.

A quantity of quartz has been staked on the Dome and the sides of El Dorado. Prospecting and assay will alone show what they are, but it is beyond question that eventually rich lodes will be found in the neighborhood of the rich creeks. The expense of working the mines is the great obstacle to their development.

The ground is not frozen in all places; there are spots where one can go down twenty feet through thawed ground. Probably this is due to the presence of warm springs, for in all the creeks there is a flow of water from springs on the side of the hill that often fills the creek-bed with so-called "glaciers," and puts a stop to work in the holes by filling them up.

The present method of working is most primitive and wasteful. With wages at $1 50 an hour, all that will pay to work is a small and exceedingly uncertain "streak" of "pay." Color, even ten cents to the pan, is hardly "pay," and if nothing more is found, the prospect is abandoned, or more holes sunk. There may be an immense quantity of gravel showing that much, but they can only afford to work that portion of it which goes as high as twenty-five cents. The drain that this makes on the resources of a mining region will be better understood when it is known that the hydraulic propositions have been profitable at as low as ten cents to the cubic yard, a cubic yard containing some two hundred panfuls. The method of sluicing, too, is wasteful, no means being employed to save the fine gold which goes off in the tailings. If some cheaper method could be employed, or even if wages were reduced to, say, $5 a day, the value of every mine in the region would be doubled or trebled.

The frozen condition of the ground will prove no obstacle, I am certain, to hydraulicking. Ten years ago, in the Cassiar Mountains, according to Dawson, the ground remained frozen as here, until the moss and timber were stripped, when the sun alone thawed the ground to a great depth. If each layer is taken off daily, there is no limit to what can be taken off, the tailings being handled with hydraulic pumps. The greatest obstacle is lack of water; this must be stored in reservoirs, but might have to be drawn from the upper Klondike. The ground certainly can be "ground-sluiced"; then it can be hydraulicked. On the streams that are largely worked the wood is growing scarce. The wood on the side of the gulches is small—pine and spruce scarcely larger than an arm (but of great age), as well as small birches and poplars. In the valleys, however, of the main river there is an abundant supply of spruce, the trees going often to thirty inches diameter, straight and tall. These are used for lumber, the demand for which is great at the present time for new buildings going up and for the sluice-boxes. There are three mills in operation, and boards are $200 a thousand.

If every winter is as mild as the present one and last year's, the climate need not deter any one of fairly cheerful disposition and good lungs from coming into this country. The Yukon has not frozen this winter, an air-hole remaining in front of Dawson all winter, while the Klondike is open in hundreds of places, and remains open under nothing less than a covering of snow, which makes it exceedingly dangerous to travel except on the beaten trails. The Indians always use a stick, with which they feel the way. There has never been a time this winter when one could traverse, say, Sulphur or Too Much Gold without getting wet, often over one's moccasins. In consequence of the water in the creeks, there have been a number of freezings on stampedes. The temperature has not been lower this winter than −65°, but this temperature is withstood without discomfort by one provided, after the way of the country, with fur-lined mittens and a sufficiency of foot-gear. The hands, feet, and face are all that need to be guarded, the smallest amount of covering sufficing to keep the body warm. Buffalo coats are wholly out of place, deer-skin and drill "parkas" being worn over woollens or moose-hide. The winters are dark and sombre. We are far south of the Arctic Circle, no further north than parts of Norway. The sun does not wholly disappear in midwinter, but appears for five or six hours, or say from ten to three. On this account wages at $1 50 an hour are far from being $15 a day. Six or seven is nearer the mark. In the deep gulches and on the north sides of hills there is practically no sun, merely a glow in the southeast that dies away in the southwest.

The summers are short, but the amount of sunlight is great, and vegetation springs up in profusion. Potatoes have been raised at Forty Mile, and no doubt other vegetables will be grown. The mosquitoes here are very bad, but they are also very bad not a thousand miles from New York city. Last July, in the very papers that were sensationally serving up the horrors of this arctic region, was described the death of a baby from mosquitoes in New Jersey. Had that happened here, what a morsel it would have been for the sensation-mongers! The Indians find smoke sufficient protection, but the white population mostly wear veils over wide-brimmed hats. It is in the low country, downriver, that the mosquitoes are so bad. At the mouth of the Tanana a horse was stung to death in a night. They tell of the Tanana country that when a man wanted to see the sun, he had to throw a club up into the air.

The river at one time supported a large Indian population that maintained an existence on meat and fish. The natives are dying off rapidly, until there are scarcely over a hundred at Dawson, but the food-supply remains the same. Moose are very plentiful on the Klondike to its head-waters. The Indians have been hunting all winter, and killed large numbers. The miners are driving them further away from Dawson, but almost every day come reports of moose killed on Bonanza, Hunker, etc. The foot-hills of the Rockies are the range of the reindeer. A herd of ten to twenty thousand passed across the head of Klondike last autumn. They are abundant on the head of Forty Mile. Fur-bearing animals are somewhat scarce, but a short while ago were more plentiful. They are mink, marten, otter, beaver, weasel or ermine, rabbits, lynx, and wolverenes. The wolves do not venture near the lower Klondike, but all winter a herd have made their centre of operations above the forks, forty miles up. They feed on caribou and moose. I saw the skin of one that the trapper said gave nearly a quart of oil. It was the first and only wolf he ever saw that had any fat whatever. Wolves have several times attacked parties, and been driven off. On the White River, a few winters ago, they took a sled-load of moose-meat away from a hunter.

The snowfall this winter is about three feet, and is exceedingly light, so much so that in the early winter snow-shoeing was exceedingly difficult. The snowfalls are not large and permanent. There is a general absence of heavy snow clouds here. Almost the only evaporation is from air-holes on the Yukon. From them a mist arises which hangs low in the gulches, making it at times a trifle raw. This mist turns into a gentle snow, which day by day falls, adding imperceptibly to the total depth. One result of the absence of wind in early winter is that the snow accumulates on the trees as nowhere else, in masses the size of hogsheads, bending the birches and spruces quite to the ground. By the middle of January the winds have begun to shake the snow off; by the middle of March it is about all gone.

Very many have lived in tents all winter, with stoves, in comfort. The chief drawback is that the blankets every morning are covered with dense frost, which must be dried out. There are some men who take their first colds when they go into a cabin.

There has been a great amount of scurvy. Half the patients in the hospital are suffering from scurvy. Scurvy manifests itself in a variety of ways; it is a state of the system resulting from poor cooking and lack of a variety of food. Those bringing outfits into the country should not stint themselves in the least, but provide themselves with every variety of the best food that money can buy. Spruce tea is the remedy for scurvy, a simple and effective one, as well as a preventive, in a measure.

All winter transportation is by dogs, save a score of horses that have been working steadily all winter, hauling lumber, wood, and hay from meadows on the upper Klondike. It is necessary on a trail to house the horses in a tent with a stove. The native dogs are the best; they are tough, and thoroughly understand the business of hauling. There are many so-called "outside" dogs of all breeds, and they are getting mixed with the "inside" dogs, not always to the advantage of the breed. The outside dogs, with the exception of the Newfoundlands, are not adapted for hauling, but are so employed, the short-haired ones having to wear "parkas" of blanket. A good dog will haul on a smooth trail 300 pounds, but when the work is hard and the trail new, they are not put to more than 100 to 150 pounds. Fish was scarce, so they have had to be fed on good rice, vegetables, and meat. They have sold for as high as $300—a good dog being rarely to be bought for less than two hundred and odd dollars. The dogs are arrant thieves, so that food cannot be stored in the cabins, but is placed in *caches*, little houses set upon poles, high out of reach. These *caches* are a striking feature of Dawson. The dogs make an interesting study in themselves.

Completely organized government and a system of jurisprudence will be in operation in the spring, in anticipation of whatever influx there may be from the outside world. Hitherto miners' law (not mob law, by any means) has proved adequate in Alaska, and while there has been justifiable criticism of the arbitrary and wholly insufficient government we have had, in the future, with the greater measure of home-rule we will have, we will probably be able to secure a greater measure of justice than under the old system. Major Walsh, the new Governor, or "Commissioner," is said to have power to decide upon every exigency that will arise, even to the unmaking of the order in council extending the claim to 200 feet, and setting a tax of ten to twenty per cent. upon the whole output.

Until the one-hundred-foot rule went into effect on the 1st of January, it was understood that one hundred or even two hundred feet was not sufficient reward for perilous years of hardship as a prospector; but the stampedes have continued day and night since then, with all the energy and perseverance of the first stampedes, while there appears to have been not the least cessation of work on the rich, or rather known, creeks. In consequence of which it is hardly likely that there will be any modification of objectionable orders in council. Neither will there be any forcible resistance to the collection of the taxes, since it lies with one man in the office of the gold commissioner to confiscate not only the whole dump, but the offender's entire rights in the district, for a failure to tell the truth about the output.

Seven thousand five hundred claims have been recorded thus far. The staking has not been confined to the region about the Dome, but every creek of the Yukon, from Twelve Mile Creek, below here, to Stewart, has been staked, including thus far, in order, Twelve Mile, Ballarat, Deadwood, Moosehide, Dion, Bryant, Montana, Swede, or Swedish, Baker, Ensley, Reindeer, Rosebud, and Henderson, with Eureka on the south side of Indian. No locations have been made on the north side of Klondike.

From the old-time prospector's point of view, the camp is spoiled already. The new-comers have staked up the creeks in many cases without any means of prospecting save the usual axe and lead-pencil, and he is wholly at sea. Formerly he had the whole country to himself. In the stampedes that have continued all winter it has been necessary to stake first and prospect afterwards, and the marvellous part of the whole is that there is so much gold in the country that the later prospects have justified the staking. Most of the claims are taken on speculation. We have been asking ourselves: "When the people come in in the spring in the numbers that are anticipated, will they buy claims on the creeks already staked out, or will they institute a series of stampedes to remote creeks?" Even now the stampedes have extended into American territory, American Creek and others, where 1350 feet is allowed; and when it comes to be generally understood that pay can be had there without the disadvantage of the miscalled government we have been inflicted with this winter, no small number of the new arrivals will keep on down to American soil, where the recorder of claims will know that fractions, claims, and even creeks have existence in fact before issuing certificates of ownership.

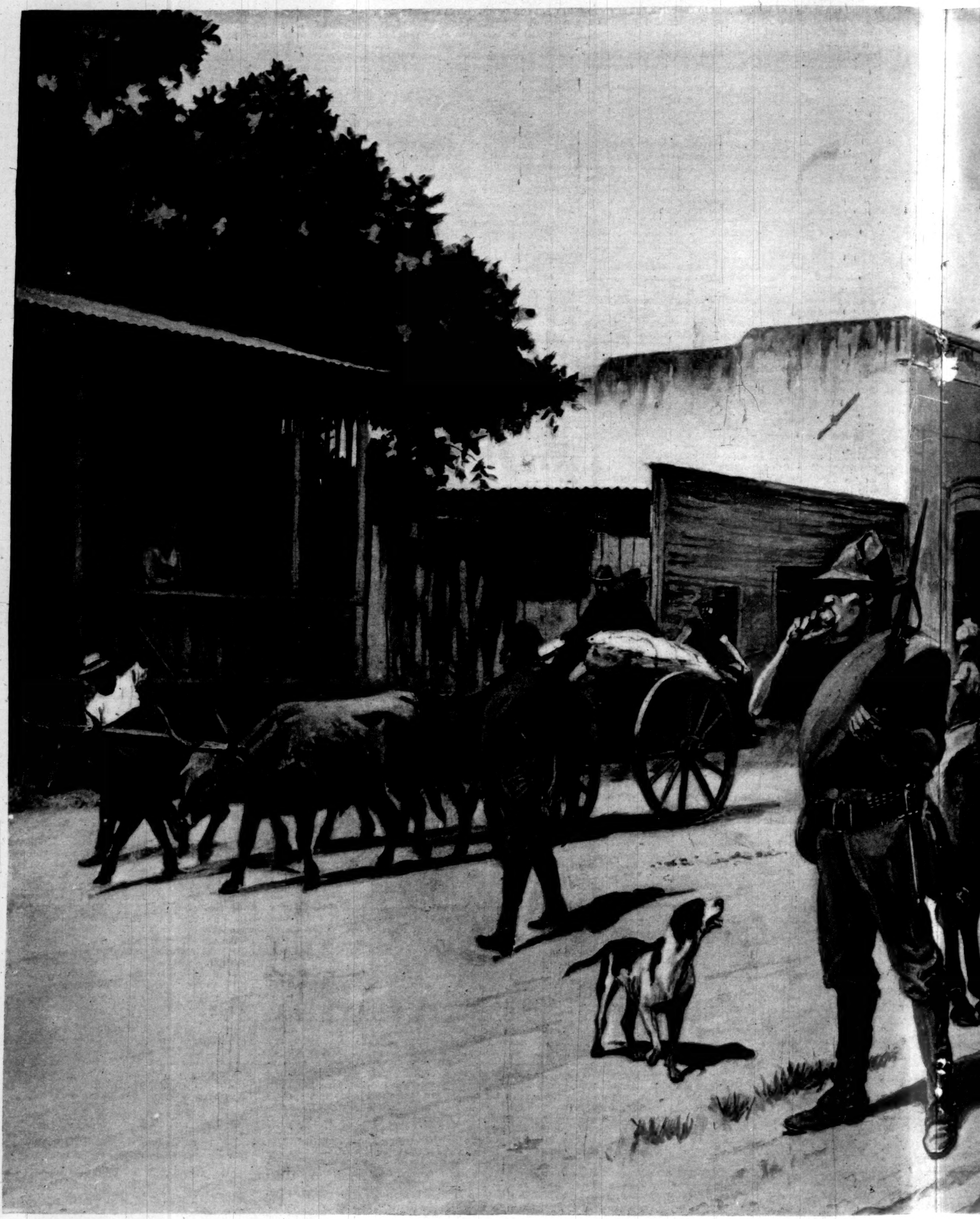
Assuming, what is not the case under present conditions, that every claim thus far staked contains pay, and allowing that two men can work out fifty feet across in a year, it requires one hundred and fifty thousand men to work out every claim. The number required in fact would be much less, but when the unlocated regions elsewhere are considered, these figures will afford some notion of the work needed to develop the placers, while if the quartz shall prove profitable, the Yukon will support a tremendous working population. Few have realized the possibilities of this country. There is no need of lying, as it is to be expected those having interests here will do. What was considered wildcat the other day, is solid investment. But this is not yet the place for the man with a few dollars. Every man will not make a fortune. Thousands of disappointed men will go back, broken in health, many of them, and broken in fortune, but wiser and more apt to be content with home.

I have endeavored in the above account to give some idea of the conditions here, without going largely into the details of life here, which furnish interesting stories in themselves.

A WELCOME TALE.

All along the woodland ways
  And in the lonesome thicket
To-day we hear the merriment
  Of katydid and cricket.
They tell us, and we are rejoiced
  The wise musicians know it,
That coming soon, they sing in tune,
  And some white morn will show it,
As sure as fate, from Nature's hand,
  The secret never lost,
To this uncomfortable land
  Will safe arrive, the frost.

Margaret E. Sangster.



WITH OUR TROOPS IN PUERTO RICO—O

Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum, Special Ar

O—ON THE SAN JUAN ROAD, PONCE.

l Artist for "Harper's Weekly."

THE AWKWARD AGE.

A Novel.

BY HENRY JAMES,

AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

I.

SAVE when it happened to rain Vanderbank always walked home, but he usually took a hansom when the rain was moderate and adopted the preference of the philosopher when it was heavy. On this occasion he recognized, as the servant opened the door, a congruity between the weather and the "four-wheeler" that, in the empty street, under the glazed radiance, waited and trickled and blackly glittered. The butler mentioned it as, on such a wild night, the only thing they could get, and Vanderbank, having replied that it was exactly what would do best, prepared, in the doorway, to put up his umbrella and dash down to it. At this moment he heard his name pronounced from behind and, on turning, found himself joined by the oldish fellow-guest with whom he had talked after dinner and about whom, later on, upstairs, he had sounded his hostess. It was at present a clear question of how this amiable, this apparently unassertive person should get home—of the possibility of the other cab for which even now one of the footmen, with a whistle to his lips, craned out his head and listened through the storm. Mr. Longdon wondered, to Vanderbank, if their course might by any chance be the same; which led our young friend immediately to express a readiness to see him safely in any direction that should accommodate him. As the footman's whistle spent itself in vain they got together into the four-wheeler, where, at the end of a few moments more, Vanderbank became conscious of having proposed his own rooms as a wind-up to their drive. Wouldn't that be a better finish of the evening than just separating in the wet? He liked his new acquaintance, who struck him as in a manner clinging to him, who was staying at a hotel presumably at that hour dismal, and who, confessing with easy humility to a connection positively timid with a club at which one couldn't have a visitor, accepted, under pressure, his invitation. Vanderbank, when they arrived, was amused at the air of added extravagance with which he said he would keep the cab: he so clearly enjoyed to that extent the sense of making a night of it.

"You young men, I believe, keep them for hours, eh? At least they did in my time," he laughed—"the wild ones! But I think of them as all wild then. I dare say that when one settles in town one learns how to manage; only I'm afraid, you know, that I've got completely out of it. I do feel really quite mouldy. It's a matter of thirty years—!"

"Since you've been in London?"

"For more than a few days at a time, upon my honor. You won't understand that—any more, I dare say, than I myself quite understand how, at the end of all, I've accepted this queer view of the doom of coming back. But I don't doubt I shall ask you, if you'll be so good as to let me, for the help of a hint or two: as to how to do, don't you know? and not to—what do you fellows call it?—*be* done. Now about one of *these* things—!"

One of these things was the lift in which, at no great pace and with much rumbling and creaking, the porter conveyed the two gentlemen to the alarming eminence, as Mr. Longdon measured their flight, at which Vanderbank perched. The impression made on him by this contrivance showed him as unsophisticated, yet when his companion, at the top, ushering him in, gave a touch to the quick light and, in the pleasant, ruddy room, all convenience and character, had, before the fire, another look at him, it was not to catch in him any protrusive angle. Mr. Longdon was slight and neat, delicate of body and both keen and kind of face, with black brows finely marked and thick, smooth hair, in which the silver had deep shadows. He wore neither whisker nor mustache, and seemed to carry in the flicker of his quick brown eyes and the positive sun-play of his smile even more than the equivalent of what might, superficially or stupidly, elsewhere be missed in him; which was mass, substance, presence—what is vulgarly called importance. He had indeed no presence, but he had somehow an effect. He might almost have been a priest, if priests, as it occurred to Vanderbank, were ever dandies. He had at all events, conclusively, doubled the Cape of the years—he would never again see fifty-five: to the warning light of that bleak headland he presented a back sufficiently indifferent. Yet, though, to Vanderbank, he could not look young, he came near—strikingly and amusingly—looking new: this, after a minute, appeared mainly perhaps indeed in the perfection of his evening dress and the special smartness of the sleeveless overcoat he had evidently had made to wear with it and might even actually be wearing for the first time. He had talked to Vanderbank at Mrs. Brookenham's about Beccles and Suffolk; but it was not at Beccles, nor anywhere in the county, that these ornaments had been designed. His action had already been, with however little purpose, to present the region to his interlocutor in a favorable light. Vanderbank, for that matter, had the kind of imagination that liked to place an object, even to the point of losing sight of it in the conditions; he already saw the nice old nook it must have taken to keep a man of intelligence so fresh while suffering him to remain so fine. The product of Beccles accepted at all events a cigarette—still much as a joke and an adventure—and looked about him as if even more pleased than he had expected. Then he broke, through his double eye-glass, into an exclamation that was like a passing pang of envy and regret. "You young men, you young men—!"

"Well, what about us?" Vanderbank's tone encouraged the courtesy of the reference. "I'm not so young, moreover, as that comes to."

"How old are you then, pray?"

"Why, I'm thirty-four."

"What do you call that? I'm a hundred and three!" Mr. Longdon took out his watch. "It's only a quarter past eleven." Then with a quick change of interest, "What did you say is your public office?" he inquired.

"The General Audit. I'm Deputy Chairman."

"Dear!" Mr. Longdon looked at him as if he had fifty windows. "What a head you must have!"

"Oh yes—our head's Sir Digby Dence."

"And what do we do for you?"

"Well, you gild the pill—though not perhaps very thick. But it's a decent berth."

"A thing a good many fellows would give a pound of their flesh for?"

The old man appeared so to deprecate too faint a picture that his companion dropped all scruples. "I'm the most envied man I know—so that if I were a shade less amiable I should be one of the most hated."

Mr. Longdon laughed, yet not quite as if they were joking. "I see. Your pleasant way carries it off."

Vanderbank was, however, not serious. "Wouldn't it carry off anything?"

Again his visitor, through the *pince-nez*, appeared to crown him with a Whitehall cornice. "I think I ought to let you know I'm studying you. It's really fair to tell you," he continued with an earnestness not discomposed by the indulgence in Vanderbank's face. "It's all right—all right!" he reassuringly added, having meanwhile stopped before a photograph suspended on the wall. "That's your mother!" he exclaimed with something of the elation of a child making a discovery or guessing a riddle. "I don't make you out in her yet—in my recollection of her, which, as I told you, is perfect; but I dare say I soon shall."

Vanderbank was more and more aware that the kind of hilarity he excited would never in the least be a bar to affection. "Please take all your time."

Mr. Longdon looked at his watch again. "Do you think I *had* better keep it?"

"The cab?" Vanderbank liked him so, found in him such a promise of pleasant things, that he was almost tempted to say: "Dear and delightful sir, don't weigh that question; I'll pay, myself, for the man's whole night!" His approval at all events was complete. "Most certainly. That's the only way not to think of it."

"Oh, you young men, you young men!" his guest again murmured. He had passed on to the photograph—Vanderbank had many, too many photographs—of some other relation, and stood wiping the gold-mounted glasses through which he had been darting admirations and catching side-lights of shocks. "Don't talk nonsense," he continued as his friend attempted once more to throw in a protest; "I belong to a different period of history. There have been things this evening that have made me feel as if I had been disinterred—literally dug up from a long sleep. I assure you there have!"—he really pressed the point.

Vanderbank wondered a moment what things in particular these might be; he found himself wanting to get at everything his visitor represented, to enter into his consciousness and be, as it were, on his side. He glanced, with an intention freely sarcastic, at an easy possibility. "The extraordinary vitality of Brookenham?"

Mr. Longdon, with the nippers in place again, fixed on him a gravity that failed to prevent his discovering in the eyes behind them a shy reflection of his irony. "Oh, Brookenham! You must tell me all about Brookenham."

"I see that's not what you mean."

Mr. Longdon forbore to deny it. "I wonder if you'll understand what I mean." Vanderbank bristled with the wish to be put to the test, but was checked before he could say so. "And what's *his* place—Brookenham's?"

"Oh, Rivers and Lakes—an awfully good thing. He got it last year."

Mr. Longdon—but not too grossly—wondered. "How did he get it?"

Vanderbank laughed. "Well, *she* got it."

His friend remained grave. "And about how much now—?"

"Oh, twelve hundred—and lots of allowances and boats and things. To do the work," Vanderbank, still with a certain levity, exclaimed.

"And what *is* the work?"

The young man hesitated. "Ask *him*. He'll like to tell you."

"Yet he seemed to have but little to say." Mr. Longdon exactly measured it again.

"Ah, not about that. Try him."

He looked more sharply at his host, as if vaguely suspicious of a trap; then, not less vaguely, he sighed. "Well, it's what I came up for—to try you all. But do they live on that?" he continued.

Vanderbank once more just faltered. "One doesn't quite know what they live on. But they've means—for it was just that fact, I remember, that showed Brookenham's getting the place wasn't a job. It was given, I mean, not to his mere domestic need, but to his notorious efficiency. He has a property—an ugly little place in Gloucestershire—which they sometimes let. His elder brother has the better one, but they make up an income."

Mr. Longdon, for an instant, lost himself. "Yes, I remember—one heard of those things at the time. And *she* must have had something."

"Yes, indeed, she had something—and she always has her intense cleverness. She knows thoroughly how. They do it tremendously well."

"Tremendously well," Mr. Longdon intelligently echoed. "But a house in Buckingham Crescent, with the way they seem to have built through to all sorts of other places—"

"Oh, they're all right." Vanderbank soothingly dropped.

"One likes to feel that of people with whom one has dined. There are four children?" his friend went on.

"The older boy, whom you saw, and who, in his way, is a wonder, the older girl, whom you must see, and two youngsters, male and female, whom you mustn't."

There might by this time, in the growing interest of their talk, have been almost nothing too uncanny for Mr. Longdon to fear it. "You mean the youngsters are—unfortunate?"

"No—they're only, like all the modern young, I think, mysteries, terrible little baffling mysteries." Vanderbank had broken into mirth again—it flickered so from his friend's face that, really at moments to the point of alarm, his explanations deepened darkness. Then, with more interest, he harked back. "I know the thing you just mentioned—the thing that strikes you as odd." He produced his knowledge quite with elation. "The talk." Mr. Longdon, at this, only looked at him, in silence, harder, but he went on with assurance: "Yes, the talk—for we do talk, I think." Still his guest left him without relief, only fixing him, on his suggestion, with a sort of suspended eloquence. Whatever the old man was on the point of saying, however, he disposed of in a curtailed murmur; he had already turned back to the series of portraits, and as he glanced at another Vanderbank spoke afresh. "It was very interesting to me to hear from you there, when the ladies had left us, how many old threads you were prepared to pick up."

Mr. Longdon had paused. "I'm an old boy who remembers the mothers," he at last replied.

"Yes, you told me how well you remember Mrs. Brookenham's."

"Oh, oh!"—and he arrived at a new subject. "This must be your sister Mary."

"Yes; it's very bad, but as she's dead—"

"Dead? Dear, dear!"

"Oh, long ago"—Vanderbank eased him off. "It's delightful of you," he went on, "to have known also such a lot of *my* people."

Mr. Longdon turned from his contemplation with a visible effort. "I feel obliged to you for taking it so; it mightn't—one never knows—have amused you. As I told you there, the first thing I did was to ask Fernanda about the company; and when she mentioned your name I immediately said, 'Would he like me to speak to him?'"

"And what did Fernanda say?"

Mr. Longdon stared. "Do *you* call her Fernanda?"

Vanderbank felt positively more guilty than he would have expected. "You think it too much in the manner we just mentioned?"

His friend hesitated. Then with a smile a trifle strange, "Excuse me; *I* didn't mention—"

"No, you didn't; and your scruple was magnificent. In point of fact," Vanderbank pursued, "I *don't* call Mrs. Brookenham by her Christian name."

Mr. Longdon's clear eyes were searching. "Unless in speaking of her to others?" He seemed really to wish to know.

Vanderbank was but too ready to satisfy him. "I dare say we seem to you a vulgar lot of people. That's not the way, I can see, you speak of ladies at Beccles."

"Oh, if you laugh at me—!" And the old man turned off.

"Don't threaten me," said Vanderbank, "or I *will* send away the cab. Of course I know what you mean. It will be tremendously interesting to hear how the sort of thing we've fallen into—oh, we *have* fallen in!—strikes your fresh ear. Do have another cigarette. Sunk as I must appear to you, it sometimes strikes mine. But I'm not sure, as regards Mrs. Brookenham, whom I've known a long time—"

Mr. Longdon again took him up. "What do you people call a long time?"

Vanderbank considered. "Ah, there you are—! And now we're 'we people'! That's right; give it to us. I'm sure that in one way or another it's all earned. Well, I've known her ten years. But awfully well."

"What do you call awfully well?"

"We people?" Vanderbank's inquirer, with his continued restless observation, moving nearer, the young man had laid on his shoulder the friendliest of hands. "Don't you perhaps ask too much? But no," he added, quickly and gayly, "of course you don't: if I don't look out I shall have, on you, exactly the effect I don't want. I dare say I don't know *how* well I know Mrs. Brookenham. Mustn't that sort of thing be put, in a manner, to the proof? What I meant to say just now was that I wouldn't—at least I hope I shouldn't—have named her as I did save to an old friend."

Mr. Longdon looked promptly satisfied and reassured. "You probably heard me address her myself."

"I did, but you have your rights, and that wouldn't excuse me. The only thing is that I go to see her every Sunday."

Mr. Longdon pondered; then, a little to Vanderbank's surprise, at any rate to his deeper amusement, candidly asked: "Only Fernanda? No other lady?"

"Oh yes, several other ladies."

Mr. Longdon appeared to hear this with pleasure. "You're quite right. We don't make enough of Sunday at Beccles."

"Oh, we make plenty of it in London!" Vanderbank said. "And I think it's rather in my interest I should mention that Mrs. Brookenham calls *me*—"

His visitor covered him now with an attention that just operated as a check. "By your Christian name?" Before Vanderbank could in any degree attenuate, "What *is* your Christian name?" Mr. Longdon asked.

Vanderbank felt, of a sudden, almost guilty—as if his answer could only impute extravagance to the lady. "My Christian name"—he blushed it out—"is Gustavus."

His friend took a droll, conscious leap. "And she calls you Gussy?"

"No, not even Gussy. But I scarcely think I ought to tell you," he pursued, "if she herself gave you no glimpse of the fact. Any implication that she consciously avoided it might make you see deeper depths."

Vanderbank spoke with pointed levity, but his companion showed him, after an instant, a face just covered—and a little painfully—with the vision of the possibility brushed away by the joke. "Oh, I'm not so bad as that!" Mr. Longdon modestly ejaculated.

"Well, she doesn't do it always," Vanderbank laughed, "and it's nothing, moreover, to what some people are called. Why, there was a fellow there—" He pulled up, however, and, thinking better of it, selected another instance. "The Duchess—weren't you introduced to the Duchess?—never calls me anything but 'Vanderbank' unless she calls me '*caro moi*.' It wouldn't have taken much to make her appeal to *you* with an 'I say, Longdon!' I can quite hear her."

Mr. Longdon, focussing the effect of the sketch, pointed its moral with an indulgent: "Oh well, a *foreign* duchess!" He could make his distinctions.

"Yes, she's invidiously, cruelly foreign," Vanderbank concurred: "I've never indeed seen a woman avail herself so cleverly, to make up for the obloquy of that state, of the benefits and immunities it brings with it. She has bloomed in the hot-house of her widowhood—she's a Neapolitan hatched by an incubator."

"A Neapolitan?"—Mr. Longdon, civilly, seemed to wish he had only known it.

"Her husband was one; but I believe that dukes at Naples are as thick as princes at Petersburg. He's dead, at any rate, poor man, and she has come back here to live."

"Sadly, I should think—after Naples?" Mr. Longdon threw out.

"I can scarce imagine the Duchess living sadly after anything; even things, I mean, that for you and me—! However," the young man added, taking himself up, "she lives not in what is behind her, but in what is before—she lives in her precious little Aggie."

"Little Aggie?" Mr. Longdon took a cautious interest.

"I don't take a liberty there," Vanderbank smiled. "I speak only of the young Agnesina, a little girl, the Duchess's niece, or rather, I believe, her husband's, whom she has adopted—in the place of a daughter early lost—and has brought to England to marry."

"Ah, to some great man of course."

Vanderbank thought. "I don't know." He gave a vague but expressive sigh. "She's rather lovely, little Aggie."

Mr. Longdon looked conspicuously subtle. "Then perhaps *you're* the man—"

"Do I look like a great one?" Vanderbank broke in.

His visitor, turning away from him, again embraced the room. "Oh dear, yes!"

"Well then, to show how right you are, there's the young lady." He pointed to an object on one of the tables, a small photograph with a very wide border of something that looked like crimson fur.

Mr. Longdon took up the picture; he was serious now. "She's very beautiful—but she's not a little girl."

"At Naples they develop early—she's only sixteen: an aunt, of course, has nothing to conceal. She *is* extremely pretty—with extraordinary red hair and a complexion to match; great rarities, I believe, in that race and latitude. She gave me the portrait—frame and all. The frame is Neapolitan enough, and little Aggie is charming." Then Vanderbank subjoined: "But not so charming as little Nanda."

"Little Nanda?—have you got *her?*" The old man was all eagerness.

"She's over there beside the lamp—also a present from the original."

II.

Mr. Longdon had gone to the place—little Nanda was in glazed white wood. He took her up and held her out; for a moment he said nothing, but presently, over his glasses, rested on his host a look intenser even than his scrutiny of the faded image. "Do they give their portraits now?"

"Little girls—innocent lambs? Surely, to old friends. Didn't they in your time?"

Mr. Longdon studied the portrait again; after which, with an exhalation of something between superiority and regret, "They never did to me," he replied.

"Well, you can have all you want now!" Vanderbank laughed.

His friend gave a slow, droll head-shake. "I don't want them 'now'!"

"You could do with them, my dear sir, still," Vanderbank continued in the same manner, "every bit *I* do!"

"I'm sure you do nothing you oughtn't." Mr. Longdon kept the photograph and continued to look at it. "Her mother told me about her—promised me I should see her next time."

"You must—she's a great friend of mine."

Mr. Longdon remained absorbed. "Is she clever?"

Vanderbank turned it over. "Well, you'll tell me if you think so."

"Ah, with a child of sixteen—!" Mr. Longdon murmured it as if in dread of having to pronounce. "This one, too, *is* sixteen?"

Vanderbank again considered. "Seventeen." He just hung fire once more, then brought out: "Well, call it nearly eighteen. I've kept her birthdays," he laughed.

His companion caught at the idea. "Upon my honor, *I* should like to! When is the next?"

"You've plenty of time—the fifteenth of June."

"I'm only too sorry to wait." Laying down the object he had been examining, Mr. Longdon took another turn about the room, and his manner was such an appeal to his host to accept his restlessness that, from the corner of a lounge, the latter watched him with encouragement. "I said to you just now that I knew the mothers, but it would have been more to the point to say the grandmothers." He stopped before the lounge, then nodded at the image of Nanda. "I knew *hers*. She put it at something less."

Vanderbank rather failed to understand. "The old lady? Put what?"

Mr. Longdon's face, for a moment, showed him as feeling his way. "I'm speaking of Mrs. Brookenham. She spoke of her daughter as only sixteen."

His companion's amusement at the tone of this broke out. "She usually does! She has done so, I think, for the last year or two."

Mr. Longdon dropped upon the lounge as if with the weight of something sudden and fresh; then, from where he sat, with a sharp little movement, he chucked into the fire the end of his cigarette. Vanderbank offered him another, a second, and as he accepted it and took a light he said: "I don't know what you're doing with me—I never, at Beccles, smoked so much!" But he puffed away and, seated so near him, laid his hand on Vanderbank's arm as if to help himself to utter something that was too delicate not to be guarded and yet too important not to be risked. "Now that's the sort of thing I did mean—as one of my impressions." Vanderbank continued at a loss, and he went on: "I refer—if you don't mind my saying so—to what you said just now."

Vanderbank was conscious of a deep desire to draw from him whatever might come; so sensible was it somehow that whatever was in him was good was also thoroughly personal. But our young friend had to think a minute. "I see, I see. Nothing is more probable than that I've said something nasty; but which of my particular horrors—?"

"Well, then, your conveying that she makes her daughter out younger—"

"To make herself out the same?"—Vanderbank took him straight up. "It was nasty my doing that? I see, I see. Yes, yes: I rather gave her away, and you're struck by it—as is most delightful you *should* be—because you're, in every way, of a better tradition and, knowing Mrs. Brookenham's my friend, can't conceive of one's playing on a friend a trick so vulgar and odious. It strikes you also probably as the kind of thing we must be constantly doing; it strikes you that, right and left, probably, we keep giving each other away. Well, I dare say we do. Yes, 'come to think of it' as they say in America, we do. But what shall I tell you? Practically we all know it and allow for it, and it's as broad as it's long. What's London life after all? It's tit for tat!"

"Ah, but what becomes of friendship?" Mr. Longdon earnestly and pleadingly asked, while he still held Vanderbank's arm as if under the spell of the vivid explanation with which he had been furnished.

The young man met his eyes only the more sociably. "Friendship?"

"Friendship." Mr. Longdon maintained the full value of the word.

"Well," his companion risked, "I dare say it isn't in London by any means what it is at Beccles. I quite literally mean that," Vanderbank reassuringly added; "I never really have believed in the existence of friendship in big societies—in great towns and great crowds. It's a plant that takes time and space and air; and London society is a huge 'squash,' as we elegantly call it—an elbowing, pushing, perspiring, chattering mob."

"Ah, I don't say *that* of you!" Mr. Longdon murmured with a withdrawal of his hand and a visible scruple for the sweeping concession he had evoked.

"Do say it, then—for God's sake; let some one say it, so that something or other, whatever it may be, may come of it! It's impossible to say too much—it's impossible to say enough. There isn't anything any one can say that I won't agree to."

"That shows you really don't care," the old man returned with acuteness.

"Oh, we're past saving, if that's what you mean!" Vanderbank laughed.

"You don't care, you don't care!" his visitor repeated, "and—if I may be frank with you—I shouldn't wonder if it were rather a pity."

"A pity I don't care?"

"You ought to, you ought to." Mr. Longdon paused. "May I say all I think?"

"I assure you *I* shall! You're awfully interesting."

"So are you, if you come to that. It's just what I've had in my head. There's something I seem to make out in you—!" He abruptly dropped this, however, going on in another way. "I remember the rest of you, but why did I never see *you?*"

"I must have been at school—at college. Perhaps you did know my brothers, elder and younger."

"There was a boy with your mother at Malvern. I was near her there for three months in—what *was* the year?"

"Yes, I know," Vanderbank replied while his guest tried to fix the date. "It was my brother Miles. He was awfully clever, but he had no health, poor chap, and we lost him at seventeen. She used to take houses at such places with him—it was supposed to be for his benefit."

Mr. Longdon listened with a visible recovery. "He used to talk to me—I remember he asked me questions I couldn't answer and made me dreadfully ashamed. But I lent him books—partly, upon my honor, to make him think that, as I had them, I did know something. He read everything and had a lot to say about it. I used to tell your mother he had a great future."

Vanderbank shook his head sadly and kindly. "So he had. And you remember Nancy, who was handsome, and who was usually with them?" he went on.

Mr. Longdon looked so uncertain that he explained he meant his other sister; on which his companion said: "Oh, her? Yes, she was charming—she evidently had a future too."

"Well, she's in the midst of it now. She's married."

"And whom did she marry?"

"A fellow called Toovey. A man in the City."

"Oh!" said Mr. Longdon a little blankly. Then, as if to retrieve his blankness: "But why do you call her Nancy? Wasn't her name Blanche?"

"Exactly—Blanche Bertha Vanderbank."

Mr. Longdon looked half mystified and half distressed. "And now she's Nancy Toovey?"

Vanderbank broke into laughter at his dismay. "That's what every one calls her."

"But why?"

"Nobody knows. You see you were right about her future."

Mr. Longdon gave another of his soft, smothered sighs; he had turned back again to the first photograph, which he looked at for a longer time. "Well, it wasn't *her* way."

"My mother's? No indeed. Oh, my mother's way—!" Vanderbank waited, then added gravely: "She was taken in time."

Mr. Longdon turned half round, and looking as if he were about to reply to this; but instead of so doing he proceeded afresh to an examination of the expressive oval in the red plush frame. He took up little Aggie, who appeared to interest him, and abruptly observed: "Nanda isn't so pretty."

"No, not nearly. There's a great question whether Nanda is pretty at all."

Mr. Longdon continued to inspect her more favored friend; which led him after a moment to bring out: "She ought to be, you know. Her grandmother was."

"Oh, and her mother," Vanderbank threw in. "Don't you think Mrs. Brookenham lovely?"

Mr. Longdon kept him waiting a little. "Not so lovely as Lady Julia. Lady Julia had—" He faltered, then, as if there were too much to say, disposed of the question. "Lady Julia had everything."

Vanderbank gathered from the sound of the words an impression that determined him more and more to diplomacy. "But isn't that just what Mrs. Brookenham has?"

This time the old man was prompt. "Yes, she's very brilliant, but it's a totally different thing." He laid little Aggie down and moved away as if without a purpose; but Vanderbank presently perceived his purpose to be another glance at the other young lady. As if accidentally and absently, he bent again over the portrait of Nanda. "Lady Julia was exquisite, and this child's exactly like her."

Vanderbank, more and more conscious of something working in him, was more and more interested. "If Nanda's so like her, *was* she so exquisite?" he hazarded.

"Oh yes; every one was agreed about that." Mr. Longdon kept his eyes on the face, trying a little, Vanderbank even thought, to conceal his own. "She was one of the greatest beauties of her day."

"Then *is* Nanda so like her?" Vanderbank persisted, amused at his friend's transparency.

"Extraordinarily. Her mother told me all about her."

"Told you she's as beautiful as her grandmother?"

Mr. Longdon turned it over. "Well, that she has just Lady Julia's expression. She absolutely *has* it—I see it here." He was delightfully positive. "She's much more like the dead than like the living."

Vanderbank saw in this too many deep things not to follow them up. One of these was, to begin with, that his friend had not more than half succumbed to Mrs. Brookenham's attraction, if indeed, by a fine originality, he had not resisted it altogether. That in itself, for an observer deeply versed in this lady, was delightful and beguiling. Another indication was that he found himself, in spite of such a break in the chain, distinctly predisposed to Nanda. "If she reproduces then so vividly Lady Julia," the young man threw out, "why does she strike you as so much less pretty than her foreign friend there, who is, after all, by no means a prodigy?"

The subject of this address, with one of the photographs in his hand, glanced, while he reflected, at the other. Then with a subtlety that matched itself for the moment with Vanderbank's, "You just told me yourself that Agnesina—"

"Is ever so much the lovelier of the two? So I did. But you've promptly recognized it. It's the first time," Vanderbank went on, to let him down more gently, "that I've heard Mrs. Brookenham admit the girl's looks."

"Her own girl's? 'Admit' them?"

"I mean grant them to be even as good as they are. I myself, I must tell you, extremely like them. I think Lady Julia's granddaughter has in her face, in spite of everything—"

"What do you mean by everything?" Mr. Longdon broke in with such an approach to resentment that his host's amusement overflowed.

"You'll see—when you do see. She has no features. No, not one," Vanderbank inexorably pursued; "unless indeed you put it that she has two or three too many. What I was going to say was that she has in her expression all that's charming in her nature. But beauty, in London"—and, feeling that he held his visitor's attention, he gave himself the pleasure of freely unfolding his idea—"staring, glaring, obvious, knock-down, beauty, as plain as a poster on a wall, an advertisement of soap or whiskey, something that speaks to the crowd and crosses the foot-lights, fetches such a price in the market that the absence of it, for a woman with a girl to marry, inspires endless terrors and constitutes for the wretched pair—to speak of mother and daughter alone—a sort of social bankruptcy. London doesn't love the latent or the lurking, has neither time, nor taste, nor sense for anything less discernible than the red flag in front of the steam-roller. It wants cash over the counter and letters ten feet high. Therefore, you see, it's all, as yet, rather a dark question for poor Nanda—a question that, in a way, quite occupies the foreground of her mother's earnest little life. How *will* she look, what will be thought of her and what will she be able to do for herself? She's at the age when the whole thing—speaking of her appearance, her possible share of good looks—is still, in a manner, in a fog. But everything depends on it."

Mr. Longdon, by this time, had come back to him. "Excuse my asking it again—for you take such jumps: what, once more, do you mean by everything?"

"Why, naturally, her marrying. Above all her marrying early."

Mr. Longdon stood before the sofa. "What do you mean by early?"

"Well, we do, doubtless, get up later than at Beccles; but that gives us, you see, shorter days. I mean in a couple of seasons. Soon enough," Vanderbank developed, "to limit the strain—" He broke down, in gayety, at his friend's expression.

"What do you mean by the strain?"

"Well, the complication of her being there."

"Being where?"

"You do put one through!" Vanderbank laughed. But he showed himself perfectly prepared. "Out of the schoolroom, where she is now. In her mother's drawing-room. At her mother's fireside."

Mr. Longdon stared. "But where else should she be?"

"At her husband's, don't you see?"

Mr. Longdon looked as if he quite saw, yet he was nevertheless, as regards his original challenge, not to be put off. "Ah, certainly," he replied with a slight stiffness, "but not as if she had been pushed down the chimney. All in good time."

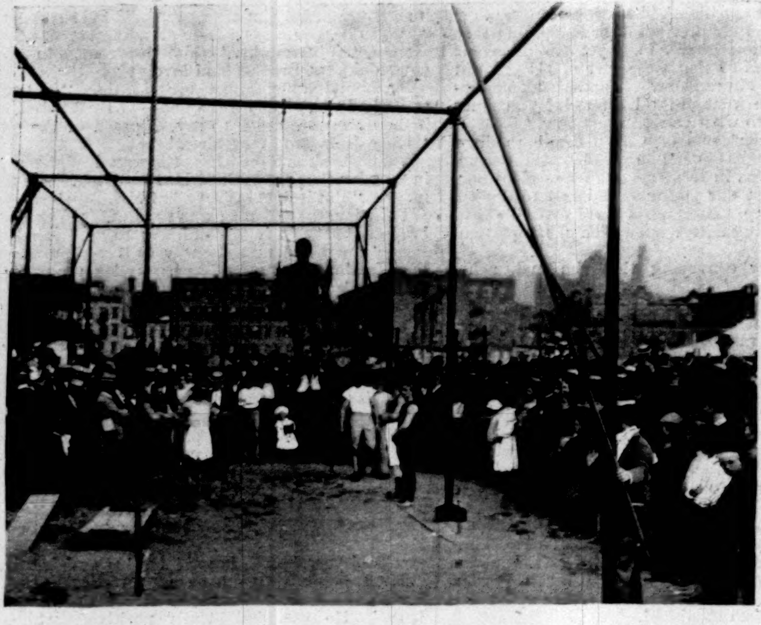
Vanderbank turned the tables on him. "What do you call good time?"

"Why, time to make herself loved."

Vanderbank wondered. "By the men who come to the house?"

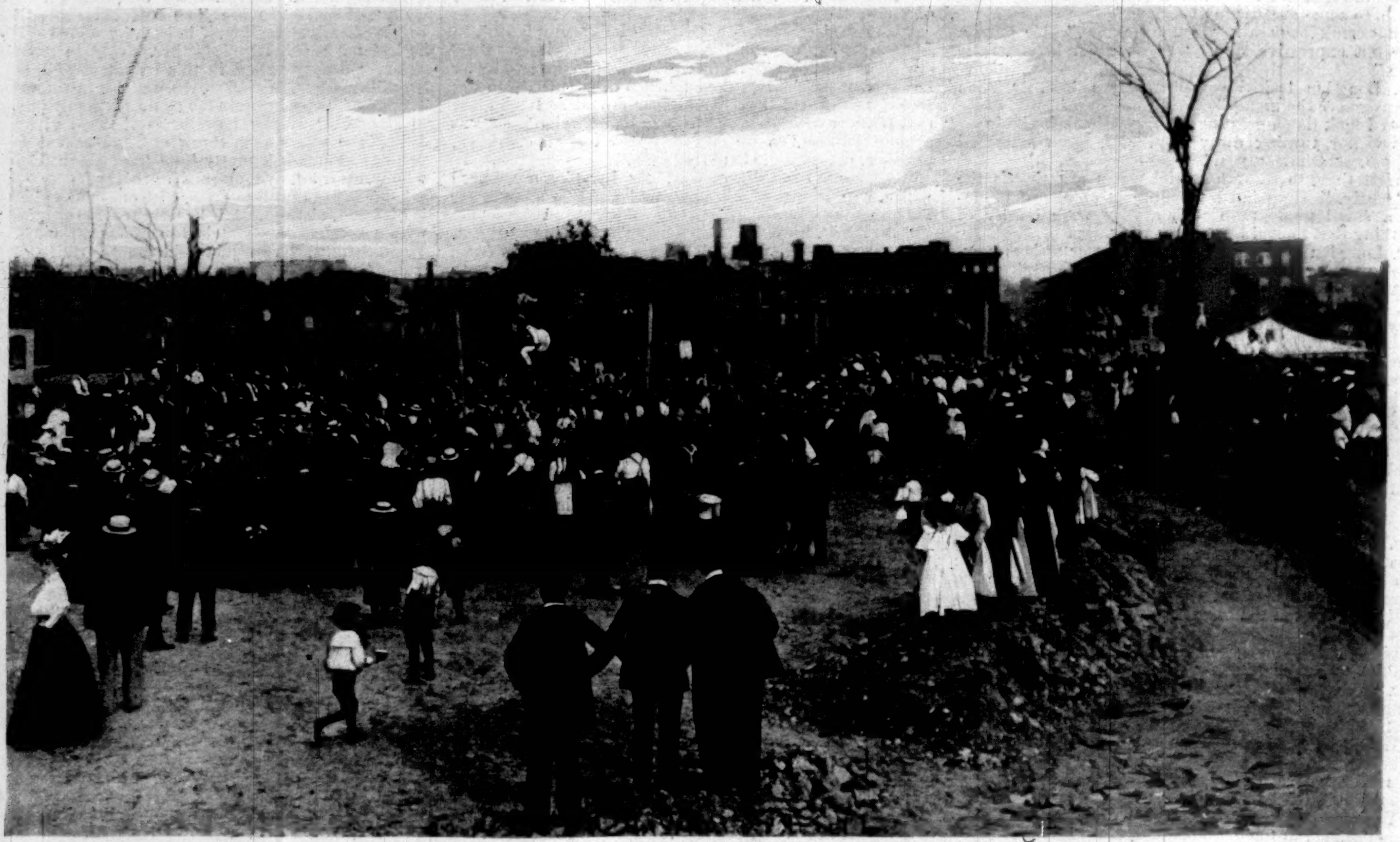
Mr. Longdon slightly attenuated this way of putting it. "Yes—and in the home circle. Where's the 'strain'—of her being suffered to be a member of it?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

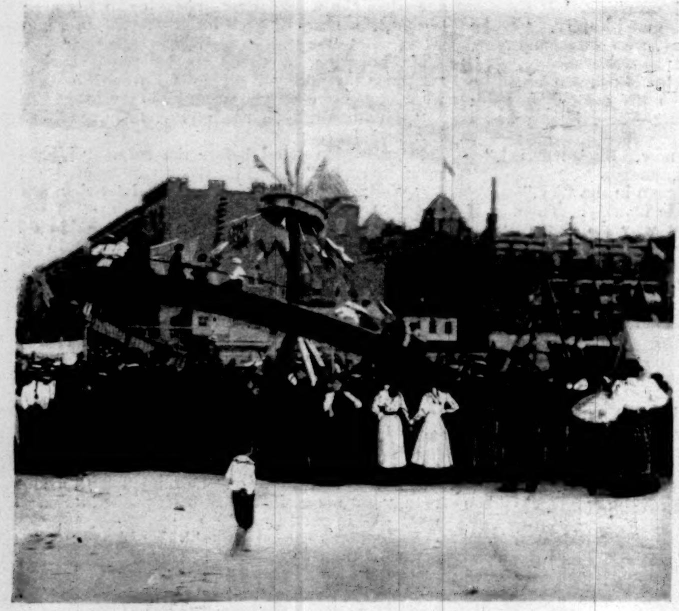


THE AERIAL RINGS.

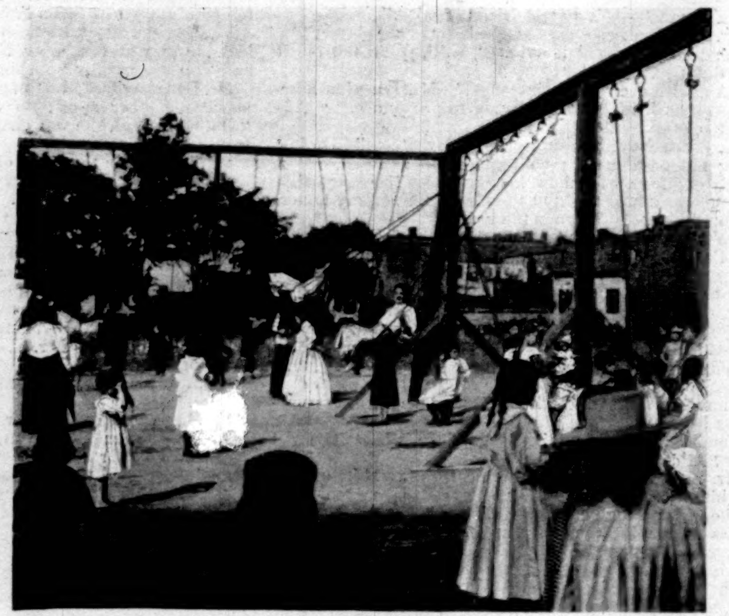
A RUNNING-RACE.



AN INTERESTING GYMNASTIC EXHIBITION.

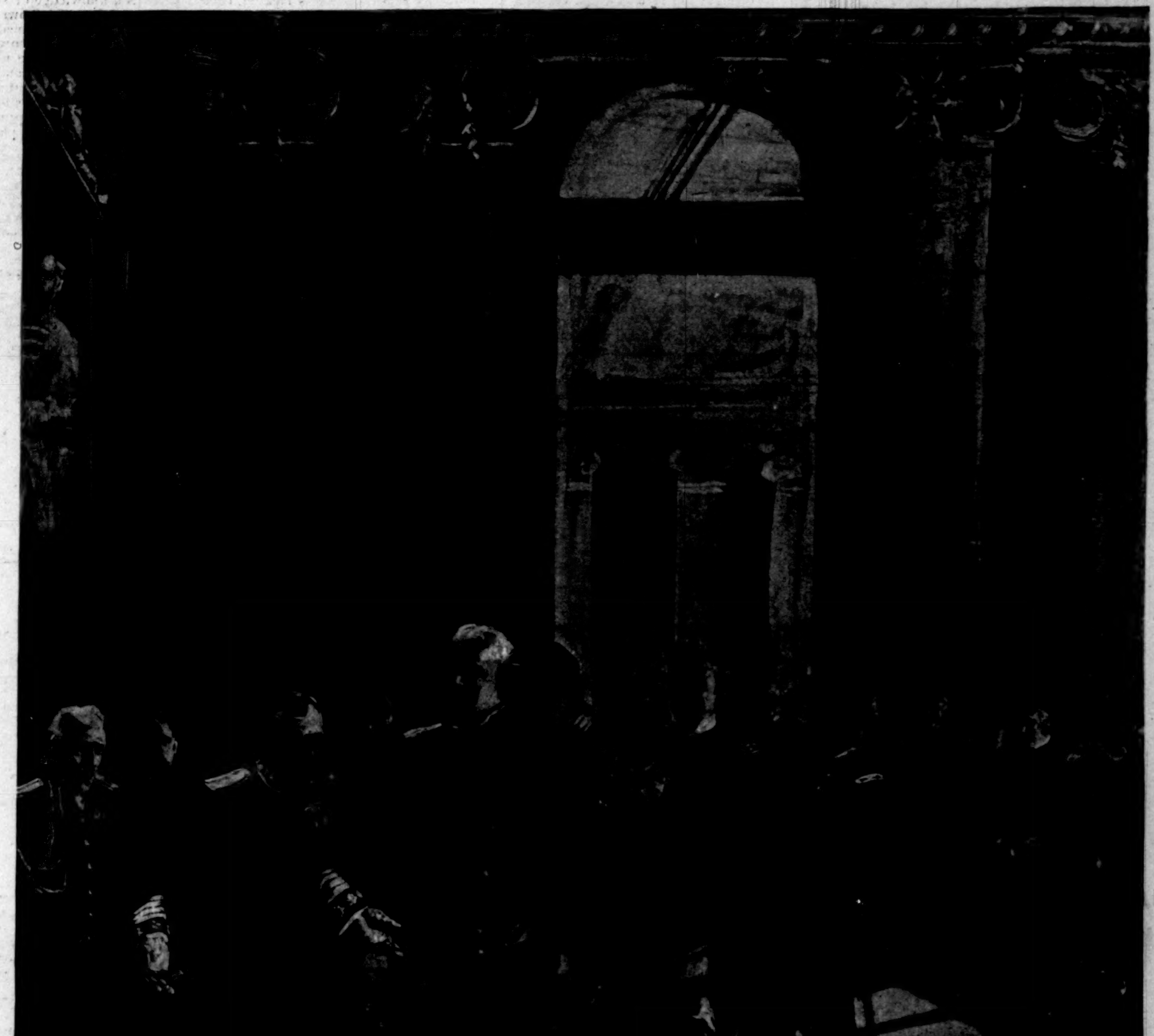


A CAROUSAL IN THE AIR.



THE SWINGS.

THE NEW FREE GYMNASIUM, FIFTY-THIRD STREET AND HUDSON RIVER, NEW YORK CITY.—[SEE PAGE 974.]


General Gordon.
General Brooke's Staff.
General Macias.
General Brooke.
Rear-Admiral Schley.
General Sheridan.

PEACE COMES TO PUERTO RICO—GENERAL MACIAS RECEIVING THE AMERICAN COMMISSIONERS AT THE PALACE, SAN JUAN.

Drawn by T. Dart Walker, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with General Miles's Forces.

MUSIC

AN OVERTURE.

It is, in fact, only within two months that a winter of music of really brilliant importance has been confirmed to us. Theatrical managers, generally, do not fear war abroad, or war fairly near home, as a thing to shut up their shops. The public turns to feigned emotions and superficial excitements on the stage, as a relief from real ones. But those managers whose trade is the purveying of music do not count on such an attitude. Music goes deeper into the mystery of human emotion than any book or play. It always has been too elusive, too subtle a diversion, at least in its finest forms, for an appeal to popular nerves; and it will likely always be so. Between seeking distraction at a Chopin recital, or going to hear Miss Henrietta Petowker, of the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane, recite "The Blood-drinker's Burial," a public that is war-worried, or money-worried, or even famine-worried, will haste to the Burial every time.

But the protocol is signed, and a music-season New York is to have, as usual. It will be one of the highest pressure, fulness, foreignness, variety, and expense. Possibly one might use the phrase that each autumn is apt to see generously cast about, and say that we shall have an "absolutely unprecedented" season. This would not be either true or definite enough, even in looking forward to eight or ten series of orchestral and choral concerts, to Italian and German and French opera with a blazing galaxy of stars, to the incessant concert-work of many singers and players the first in reputation and virtuosity. By many such winters, New York is seasoned as is no other city in the world. For no other city can and will pay as much to hear as much. But in spite of the shimmering and sparkling past, over which some of us older stagers look with complacency, and a sense that we know very well, forsooth! where the rareness is, there are elements of New York's coming six months of music of a prodigal and oppressive richness.

In another article details can be set forth, and still with timeliness. But it is of immediate interest to notice that many of the incidents of coming months are the result of escapes from last spring's unexpected and—in at least one matter—saddening perplexities. Mr. Seidl's death brought a group of the most significant affairs of this winter into serious quandary. The abrupt severing of Mr. Paur's connection with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Grau's prudent list of "ifs" and "buts" where his opera in the Metropolitan was in question, Mr. Walter Damrosch's retirement from the Symphony Society of New York—were all factors of change and uncertainty in 1897–8 for the outlook on 1898–9. But it is now September. Things have smoothed down and peace is here, and many matters are settled with a judgment and probable success quite as praiseworthy as clashing engagements, internal intrigues, and musical politics well could allow. The highest musical interests of New York never—or at most but once, and that a good while ago—really depended on one man. Regrets for a deep loss ought not to set sensible men and women to talking as if our orchestral paralysis were at hand, and inviting everybody to rally to make it as dismally complete as possible. Mr. Seidl's successor as the Philharmonic Society's conductor and as the head of the fashionable Astoria Concerts will be Mr. Paur. Though we may dispute the need of all Mr. Paur's professional gestures, his capability is established. Just how Mr. Paur will get on with the material now constituting the Philharmonic's orchestra perhaps is another story. We will wait to read it. To the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which New York almost considers its own after eleven winters' visits, returns Mr. Wilhelm Gericke, one of the very best conductors living, *persona grata* to the band, and remembered by many of us as a great factor—I might have written *the* great factor—in its attaining its perfection. This is truth; even in our recalling that Mr. Nikisch was Mr. Gericke's successor, and that the making up of the orchestra's ranks has been gradually much strengthened. By-the-bye, Mr. Nikisch himself and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra will come here on a visit in the latter part of the season. As to opera at the Metropolitan, offering nearly eighty representations, Mr. Franz Schalk, a new-comer, will take Mr. Seidl's post under Mr. Grau's management. Mr. Schalk is a young and successful leader of opera on German stages, and lately connected with Buda-Pesth's admirable National Opera—whence, in fact, Mr. Grau hurriedly borrowed him for an emergency during Covent Garden performances. The Oratorio Society has decided to live, and will be very busy, and Mr. Frank Damrosch takes his brother's place—an excellent leader in choral work. Mr. Walter Damrosch almost firmly has kept to his declaration to retire for a while from conducting, and only as to certain performances of Mr. Ellis's opera company will make much of a breach in that resolution.

WILHELM GERICKE,
Conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

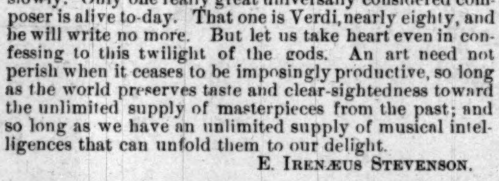
So much for an outline of what we may call the season's personal aspects and arrangements to date. Only, in pointing them out, the enormous overflowing content of performance, day by day, week by week, month by month, from November to May, is loosely defined and colored. But how imperfectly, compared with what will be its actual freightage of arts and artists! It will be noticed by those whose interest leads them to study comparatives in such things that our 1898–9 season will be different from one or another of its famous predecessors chiefly in results of the lively cotillon of conductors—a sort of sudden "all hands round," or puss-in-the-corner, such, indeed, as we have not had in many years, in the return of something like a just balance between opera and concert events, because of the Metropolitan's preparations for a long and popular campaign, instead of locking its doors, as was the case last year; and in the retirement of one old orchestral society. The real aggregate of concerts of the first, second, or third class will not be much greater than in various winters past. The most significant addition to these, by-the-bye, comes in the decision of the Boston Symphony Orchestra to add five matinées to its scheme of New York engagements, and in the proposed visit of the Berlin Philharmonic.

Such a simple reference to conductors to be with us is eloquent enough. The array of great singers and great players visiting America between now and next spring is, however, something to amaze anybody except a Londoner or a New-Yorker. That is no exaggeration. Mr. Rosenthal may be said to inaugurate the star-procession. He is to open the season on the evening of October 23; but he is merely a regimental member when we add Liebling, Sauer, Burmeister, Carreño, Siloti, Joseffy, Aus der Ohe, Zeldenrust. Of violinists will come a long list, headed by Burmester, Marteau, Madam Urso, and Mrs. Powell. And when we cast our eye over the singing-folk of the winter, we have again our old feeling that the opera-houses of Europe have been plundered to make a New York holiday. Eames, Calvé, Melba, Gadsky, Patti, Heinck-Schumann, Brema, Nordica, de Vere, Ternina, de Reszke, Van Dyk, Albert, Alvarez, Dippel, Plançon, Campanari! What is meant by such an assemblage, under one management or another, all for our delectation, is a marvel if we realize their individual "rating," as sailors say.

At present the town is still apt to be a warm town. The annual outbreak of cheerful comic opera by Mr. Hopper and Mr. Wilson, the vivacities of "A Runaway Girl," at Daly's Theatre, and the sincere and often excellent work of the Castle Square Opera Company's doings at the American Theatre, satisfy the hour and the public. Of "The Charlatan" and "The Little Corporal," and of two or three of the Castle Square revivals, I shall speak presently.

There is one aspect of the long hot summer that people not on music's watch-towers do not plainly discern. I mean the comparative lethargy of music everywhere as a creative art; producing, if not actually new forms, at least new examples of interest and beauty on old models. Composers' work-time is apt to be between seasons. Little new work of mark have we. Has music really come to an end creatively, so far as any valuable fruits are concerned? Must we wait—or yield to another generation time to wait—for some new and quickening development that shall begin a new period, and more plainly show how, as our century ends, all is dulling down, and that nobody has anything to say worth saying? Fifteen years have wrought havoc in the ranks of creative musical genius and influence. Wagner, Brahms, Bruckner, Rubinstein, Tschaikovsky, Gounod, Ponchielli—they are gone. Germany is in a state of musical coma, despite the fact that Goldmark, Humperdinck, Kienzl, and sundry others are busy. You cannot make a Bungert into a Wagner, though you stuff him with Homer and musical mechanics, and build a theatre for his spectacular Trilogy all about Ulysses. The brilliant artificiality of French music only interests us in a few of its best operas and concert-works. Two or three over-advertised and busy artificers—always dexterous, never great—do all that is heard of, outside complacent Paris. Most Russians are yet too barbaric, and America's time comes on very slowly. Only one really great universally considered composer is alive to-day. That one is Verdi, nearly eighty, and he will write no more. But let us take heart even in confessing to this twilight of the gods. An art need not perish when it ceases to be imposingly productive, so long as the world preserves taste and clear-sightedness toward the unlimited supply of masterpieces from the past; and so long as we have an unlimited supply of musical intelligences that can unfold them to our delight.

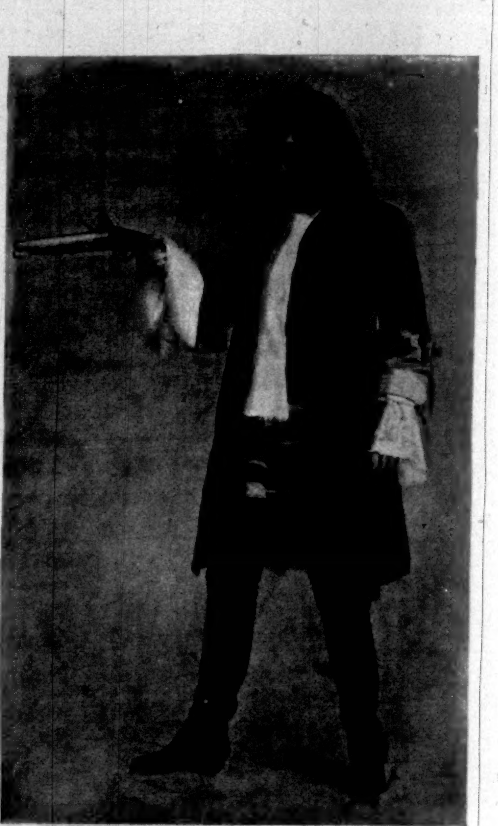
E. Irenæus Stevenson.



DRAMA

Under the Wing of the Swan of Avon.

"The Adventure of Lady Ursula," which is launched on a prosperous career at the Lyceum, is Mr. Anthony Hope's first attempt at writing a play. That Mr. Hope has the power of making people talk entertainingly was evident enough in *The Dolly Dialogues*, the work which brought him into prominence as a literary figure. That he could make people do exciting things in an absorbing manner was no less evident in *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Dialogue and incident being granted, little was lacking, except perhaps a knowledge of stage-craft, to assure success in writing plays, for nowadays those who can write plays do not have to be made to write plays. As Mr. Hope's literary heart is known to have been divided between the modern realistic novel, under the influence of which he wrote his early and unsuccessful books, and the romantic tale of adventure, to which he owes his later successes, it was a question of some curiosity under what influence he would approach the stage. "The Lady Ursula" is as frankly a play of adventure as was the dramatization of *The Prisoner of Zenda*; but that is not all. In plot and in dialogue Mr. Hope's first play—whether or not he was aware of the fact—is written under the influence of the plays of Shakspere's best comic period, in particular "As You Like It."



VIRGINIA HARNED SOTHERN IN THE DUEL SCENE OF "THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA."

A Lion in the Forest of Arden.

To achieve the atmosphere of unreality necessary to the romantic comedy, Shakspere—or rather Thomas Lodge, from whom Shakspere took his plot—transported his people to a Forest of Arden where lions abound. To a modern, this brave license of the Elizabethan fancy is denied; but we still permit ourselves romance and unreality when it is projected into a bygone century. To make the *Lady Ursula's* adventure as plausible as he could, Mr. Hope chose the early eighteenth century, with its glitter, its superficial charm, and its shallow convention of gallantry. If the plot is impossible even for the days of point-lace and Damascus blades, he plainly says to us: Permit me also my lions in the Forest of Arden. *Sir George Sylvester* (Mr. Sothern), having been revolted by an affair of honor, has forsworn the gallantries of the day. Though a famous swordsman, he will fight no more duels; and no woman shall cross his threshold. A neighbor of his, the beautiful *Lady Ursula Barrington* (Mrs. Virginia Harned Sothern), makes a wager, in a spirit of adventure, that she will enter his house, and counterfeits a fainting spell at the forbidden threshold. The obdurate *Sir George* directs that she be taken to the porter's lodge. Her elder brother, who is ignorant of her plot, happens by, construes this into an insult, and forces *Sir George* to break the half of his resolve by engaging to fight a duel. The *Lady Ursula* realizes that this means death to her brother. She is made to see also that though the levity of her action in pretending to faint extenuates the inhospitality of her treatment, a brother cannot urge a sister's folly in order to escape so skilful an opponent. Donning the hunting-suit of a younger brother who is absent in France, she crosses the forbidden threshold, and after a dramatic interview with *Sir George* succeeds in averting the duel. She acts the man so badly, however, that not only does *Sir George* suspect who she is, but in the subsequent development of the plot she is forced into a duel with one of *Sir George's* friends. Realizing her danger, *Sir George* urges a previous claim to fight. The *Lady Ursula* faces him bravely. At the last moment he refuses to fire, alleging the only possible excuse, an interest in the supposed youth's sister—that is to say, in the *Lady Ursula*. In a love passage that follows it transpires that the misogynist has indeed fallen in love, and that his love is returned. The fourth act deals with unimportant developments and ends with a declaration of love.

Lady Ursula's breeches recall the doublet and hose of Shakspere's many masquerading heroines; her duel recalls *Viola's* duel. Mr. Hope also repeats all the jests arising out of the fact that *Lady Ursula* is present when she is supposed absent: the masquerading *Ursula* protests that it grieves her to speak of the *Lady Ursula's* defects as to speak of her own, just as the masquerading *Rosalind* swears that *Orlando's* "very *Rosalind*" will do as she does. The by-play growing out of the fact that *Lady*

Ursula is without skirts and is also without beard is as like *Rosalind;* and her staggering under a clap on the shoulder is very like *Viola*. The whole manner of the wit, moreover, is Elizabethan. When the *Lady Ursula* is choosing a suit from her brother's wardrobe, she rejects various ones in a passage that has the movement of the famous passage where *Portia* satirizes the defects of her various suitors. She ends with rejecting a *sage-green* suit because she is "not wise" and has "no man yet to be jealous of." The quip carries one back to the fathers of elaborate old English verbal twists, John Lyly and his *Euphues*. Such resemblances as can be cited are the barest and least important of all. The dialogue throughout has the spirit and movement of "As You Like It," and awakens endless echoes and suggestions. Yet the play of jest and fancy has a quality of its own, and an excellence that at times recalls the modern masters of dialogue—Pinero, Wilde, and, let us add, Mr. Hope himself. When the *Parson* says "There is no virtue without temptation," he is answered, "Where there is temptation there remains very little virtue." The misogynist *Sir George* calls Bluebeard "a wise man, but given to repeating hopeless experiments," and asserts that the Martyrs "welcomed heaven because they were leaving their wives behind them." If the atmosphere of the play is that of Shaksperian comedy, there is certainly nothing for which we could be more grateful this side of the spirit of authentic creation. In *The Dolly Dialogues* there was a touch of this spirit—a humor that was at once poignant and divining. The *Lady Ursula*, charming as she is, is without the authentic touch. Yet the play is a most interesting essay, and promises much better things to come.

In structure the play is far from perfect. In the first act nothing whatever happens, and two of the four characters have nothing to do with the main course of the story. The act serves only to explain circumstances which are brought out with sufficient clearness in the second act, when the main action begins. To open with the second act would require considerable constructive skill, but it would avoid the redundance and the tedium of the first act of explanation. The last of the four acts is similarly needless. After the duel and the love passage that close the third act, there is not the least doubt that *Sir George* has discovered *Lady Ursula's* disguise, and has fallen deeply in love with her. In itself the fourth act is commonplace and without a breath of dramatic suspense. It is obviously necessary only to drag out the play to the limit of an evening's entertainment. The second and third acts, on the other hand, are admirably constructed, and are full of dramatic movement and dramatic suspense. If at the end of the third act *Lady Ursula's* identity had been revealed—for instance, by making her brother return to his lodgings where the duel has taken place—the play would have had a vigorous and effective ending.

The acting of Mr. Sothern's company is one of the few things that tend to make up for the rarity in America of stock companies of the better class. No detail of make-up or of expression is slurred or otherwise neglected. The unimportant part of *Lady Ursula's* servant is taken by no less an actor than Mr. Rowland Buckstone, and his familiar touch of grotesque gives a welcome variety to the piece. *Sir George's* servant is Mr. C. P. Flockton, whose long association with leading actors in England and America has given him an almost academic correctness and ease. Mr. A. R. Lawrence gives a graceful rendering of his part. Mr. Merton Selten takes the part of an old-world coxcomb with a humor that is a trifle abated by his great unction of manner. As *Lady Ursula's* elder brother, Mr. Roydon Erlynne appears with a manliness and simplicity of manner that are as unusual as they are delightful. His part is not "fat" in the histrionic sense, and he awakens little response in the audience; but his bearing gives a subdued richness to the scene which is none the less felt. To attempt to characterize the virtues of Mr. Sothern's familiar acting would be to squander adjectives. As far as the limitations of his part permit he is at his best. In the moments before the duel, while the pistols are being loaded, his face is alive with blending emotions and his manner is charged with magnetism. Such a passage of quiet power kindles despair at his mannerisms. At times it seems as if there is nothing he will not sacrifice to superficial smoothness and charm of delivery. In a passage leading up to the duel scene, *Lady Ursula*, in boots and breeches, bids fair to faint, as she had pretended to faint *in propria persona* at *Sir George's* threshold. *Sir George* hovers over the chair of the supposed younger brother, and says, with an effective cadence, "Are you *fainting* too!" There is a fine mingling of irony and tenderness in his manner, but nothing short of the harsher, "Are *you* fainting too!" explains either his irony or his tenderness. Mrs. Sothern has never been as effective in a part like the present, though she has attempted several of them. Her costume is a marvel of scenic propriety and good taste, and her manner throughout suggests careful schooling. If in the charm of her sheer physical exuberance she reminds one of Miss Ada Rehan, the fact is doubtless due to the resemblance her part bears the *Rosalind* and the *Viola* with which one is most familiar. Her work is so finished in externals that one is forced to judge it by a high standard; and judged by a high standard it has marked defects. There is no indication that she has felt the part in the least psychologically. There is scarcely a flash of feminine intuition, and not one of the thousand shadings and gradations of expression that, unless I am mistaken, are to be divined in the part. Think of a woman in man's clothes, in a man's lodgings, facing the muzzle of a pistol! Mrs. Sothern could scarcely look more arch and more unconcerned if she were facing a camera. She faints afterward, to be sure, when she is alone with *Sir George*, but in a perfunctory manner, and is presently as charming and composed as ever.

The settings of the second and third acts are done with the utmost care. Yet there is not a trace of pedantry. Mr. Sothern permits himself the anachronism of Braun photographs of a portrait by Valesquez, and several by Gainsborough; and the effect justifies him. Especially to be praised is the nice subordination of the setting to the scene, so different from the splendid impertinences of scenery with which Sir Henry Irving is extinguishing his acting. Mr. Sothern's settings are a rich and finely adapted accompaniment to his acting, and give harmony to a performance that is throughout a luxury to the senses.

JOHN CORBIN.

ON CERTAIN WILY DOVES.

"LET'S shed our claws!" said the chicken-hawk
To the calm and peaceful hen.
They shed their claws, they took a walk,
And then!

"Let's shed our teeth!" said the hungry wolf
To the soft and fleecy ram.
They shed their teeth and wandered off—
Poor lamb!

"Let's shed our tricks!" said the steerer bold
To the farmer green as grass.
They shed their tricks, and the farmer's gold
Was brass!

"Let's shed our arms!" said the wily Czar
To the rest of the ruling pack.
They shed their arms; then Asia far:
Cossack!

J. K. B.

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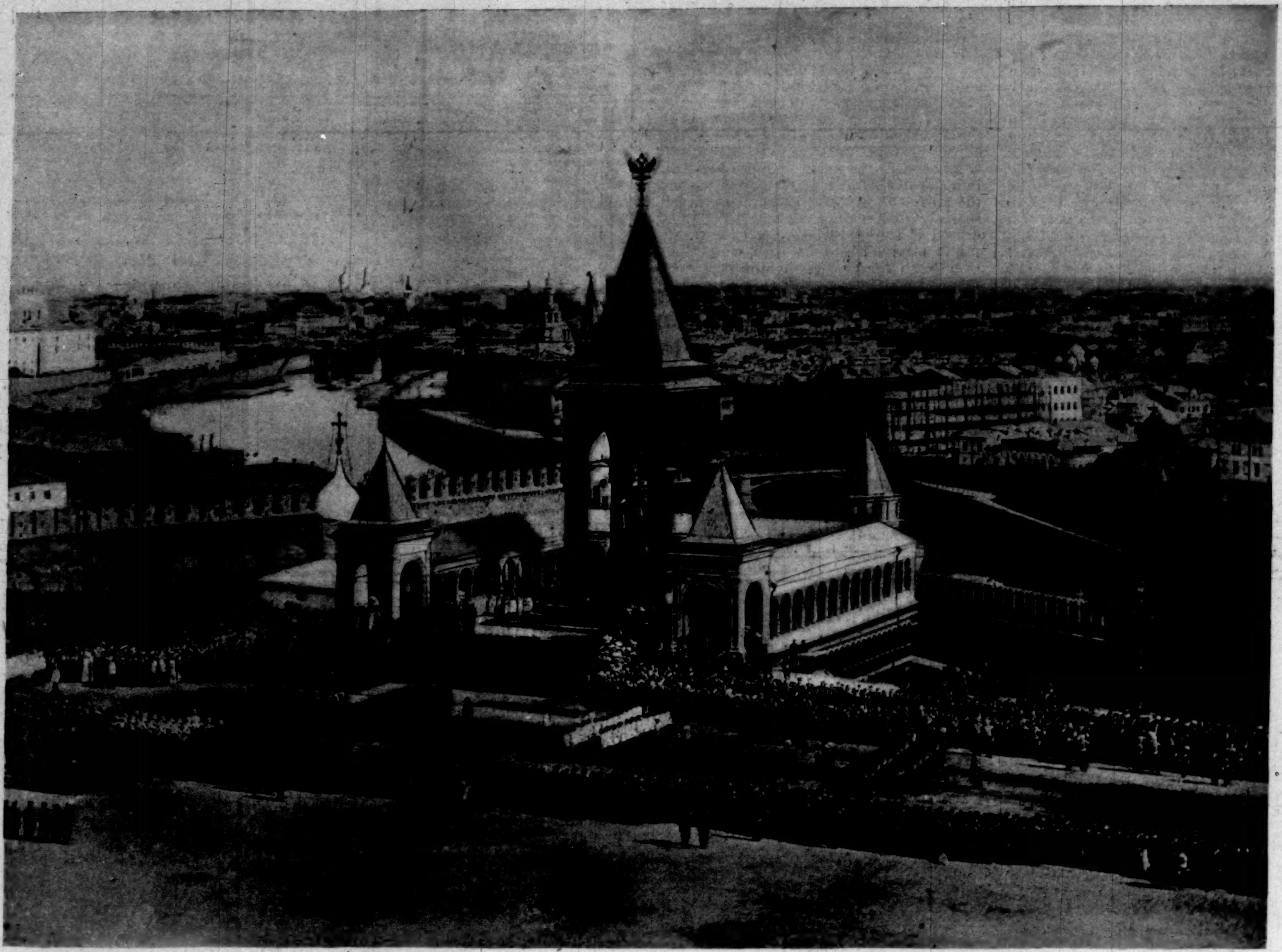
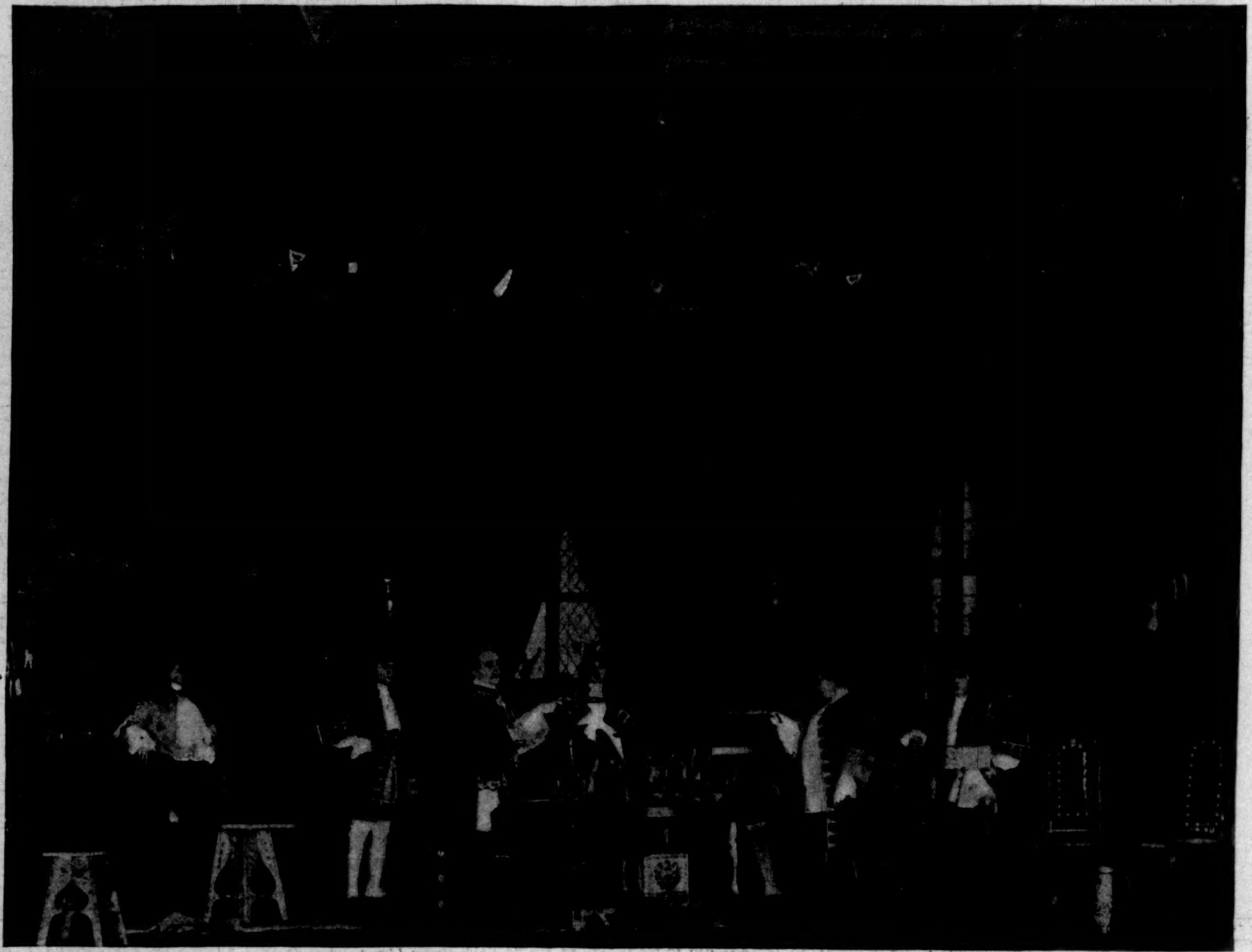
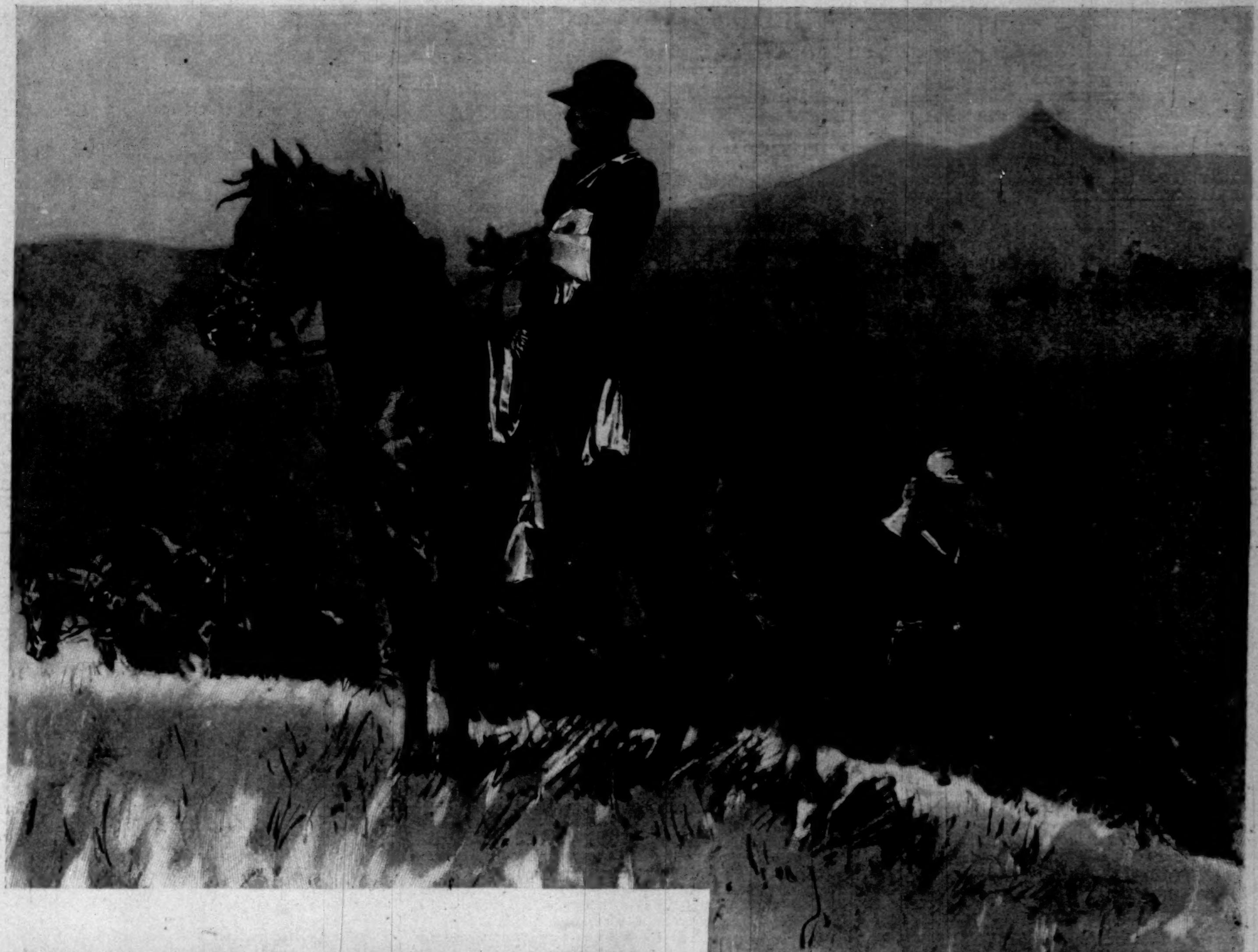


MOSCOW—DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT TO ALEXANDER II.—[See Page 974.]

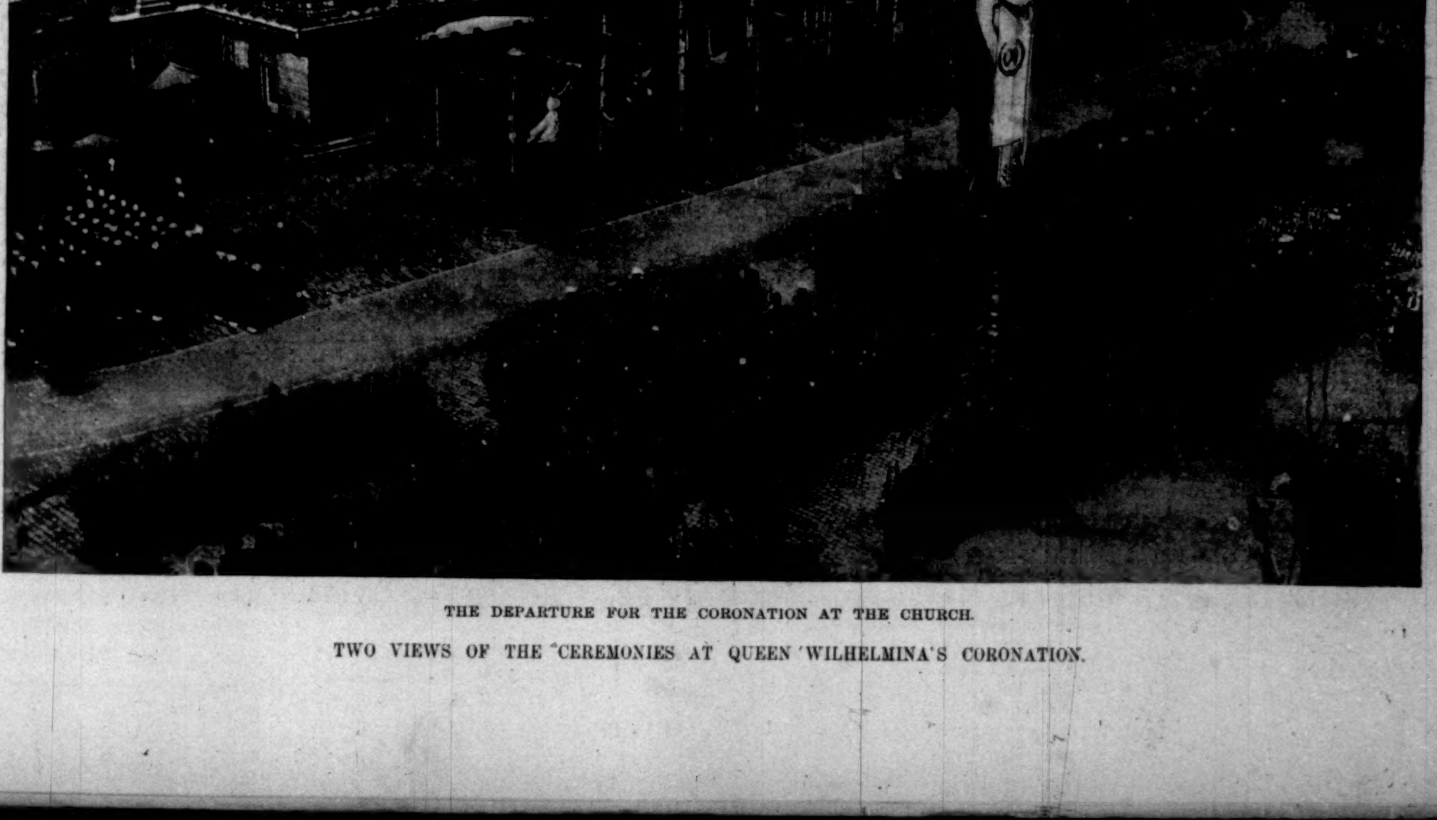


"THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA," AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, NEW YORK—THE DUEL SCENE AT THE END OF THE THIRD ACT.
[See Page 970.]



CAPTAIN ALLYN CAPRON, U.S.A.
FROM A SKETCH BY FREDERIC REMINGTON, EL POZO, JULY 2, 1898.—[SEE PAGE 959.]

THE ARRIVAL OF THE ROYAL PARTY AT THE PALACE



THE DEPARTURE FOR THE CORONATION AT THE CHURCH.

TWO VIEWS OF THE CEREMONIES AT QUEEN WILHELMINA'S CORONATION.

VARINA ANNE JEFFERSON DAVIS.

While the death of Miss Varina Anne Davis, better known as "Winnie Davis," has aroused a feeling of deep regret throughout the whole country, it has fallen upon the South with the shock of a grievous personal loss. Around the graceful personality of this gifted lady had clustered the romantic and tender memories of the last hours of the Confederacy. The political issues have long been dead and buried, but to every Southern man who fought and bled for the "lost cause," to the women who suffered by privations and loss of home and dear ones, and to their children who have learned the story, there remains a memory, hallowed by heroism and suffering nobly borne. It is an old characteristic of human nature, that it loves to personify its ideals. When therefore General John B. Gordon, on one occasion that her father was too ill to appear before a meeting at Atlanta, led forward Miss Winnie and introduced her as "the Daughter of the Confederacy," the Southern imagination responded to the suggestion at once. Henceforth, all the indefinite, indefinable emotions became materialized in her.

There was much in her career and personality which justified the devotion that she aroused. She had been born in the death-throes of the Confederacy, amid the thunder of the guns that heralded the fall of Richmond. She had been the darling of her father and the unconscious sharer in his flight. Later she was permitted to be near him in prison. After his release she was with him for several years in England, and subsequently in Memphis, Tennessee. When, after the days of the "reconstruction," Mr. Davis retired to his beautiful home of Beauvoir, on the gulf coast of Mississippi, his daughter, then fifteen years old, was sent to a school in Carlsruhe, Germany. The thorough education received there was supplemented by further study in Paris, so that when she returned home, she was a young lady of brilliant attainments and matured mind. Once more she became her father's constant companion and fellow-student, assisting him in his correspondence and literary labors, and sharing his love of horses and out-door amusements. In social life she was equally fitted to take her place. She was typical of the best traits of Southern womanhood—tall and distinguished in appearance, with a face serious in repose, vivacious in conversation, a nature sincere and generous, and a manner that was full of grace and graciousness. In later years she devoted much time to literary work, in which she evinced a talent that was continually increasing. Among her writings are—*An Irish Knight of the Nineteenth Century, a Sketch of Robert Emmet; The Veiled Doctor;* and her last work, published shortly before her death, *A Romance of Summer Seas.*

It is little wonder that a lady, so truly representative of what is best and most admired in the women of the South, and so identified with the last hours of the Confederacy, should have been the idol of Southern chivalry.

THE HUDSONBANK GYMNASIUM.

A young apple-tree needs more than water and fertilizers. It must have space and light; otherwise its growth will be distorted and the fruit puny. Just in the same way a boy's brain may be fertilized with all kinds of knowledge, but if he be debarred from the free exercise of his limbs and muscles he cannot develop into the finest type of man. Education is not cramming with facts and figures. The very word implies a process of training up to freest growth all the capacities of the child, physical as well as mental. Fröbel pointed this out, and all educators are agreed upon it. The pity is that the theory so seldom materializes into practice. Even in the smaller cities, where there are plenty of facilities for play, the school authorities too often neglect this side of education. They leave all initiation to the boys themselves. The baseball and football teams, if they exist, seldom are identified with the schools. Gymnasiums are very few and far between. To a large extent, the boys loaf, grow sick of this, and hunt for excitement, which they find in all sorts of undesirable ways. Bad as this is in the country, it is infinitely worse in the great cities. Here the population increases with astonishing rapidity, and as it does so the ground becomes more thickly built over, so that the number of children needing play and the spaces available for play are in a constantly increasing inverse ratio. Nowhere in the world is this state of things more pronounced than in that part of New York below Fifty-ninth Street. The Tenth Ward, for example, has nearly 25,000 children below the age of fifteen years, and not a single green spot or place in which they can romp undisturbed. The average proportion of children to open spaces in the whole section below Fifty-ninth Street is 3000 children to one acre of space! And even this one acre is not available for play; it is cut up into paths and lawns, and the children are warned off the grass. The inevitable result is that for most children the street is the only play-ground. There, during the many hours in which they should be developing bone and muscle, and acquiring habits of pluck, endurance, and self-control, they are exposed to the danger and contamination of the gutter. It is no wonder, as a writer said in these columns a year ago, if, when they grow up to be voters, they carry the lessons of the gutter into politics. If the boy is anything better than a mooner, he essays some game in the street, which annoys the neighbors, and brings him into collision with the police. With an instinctive sense of being wronged, he grows into a sort of Ishmael, his hand against every one, and every one's hand against him. "The gang" is the natural result, and boys whose only original sin is that they have the finest qualities of boyhood, exuberant animal spirits, become rebels against all law and order. A very poor preparation for citizenship!

That is precisely the point. If people are unmoved by the humanitarian—or, if you will, sentimental—aspect of the matter, they should be alive to the danger to law and order which it involves, and the increased taxation that an increasing criminal population will entail. While, however, the authorities have done so little, and protest their inability to do any more at present, to ameliorate this appalling neglect of the children, the philanthropy of individuals has begun to act. Men and women, tired of talking, of promises and hope deferred, have organized into an "Out-door Recreation League," and have set to work to provide object-lessons of the value of play-grounds and to shame the authorities into action.

Open-air gymnasiums and play-grounds will be found in Boston and Philadelphia and in other cities, but it was not until last month that the first was opened in the Empire City. The spot selected was some vacant ground near the river, west of Eleventh Avenue, between Fifty-second and Fifty-third streets. The population is dense and increasing, averaging 1681 to the acre, and reaching in the most crowded parts 3000 to a single block; there is a saloon to every 400 people, and a church to every 4500, and the aggregate frontage of churches, schools, and clubs measures 756 feet, while that of the saloons would cover more than a mile. Moreover, it is one of the storm centres of the city, and needs a large force of police. So it was a district which needed a play-ground, and would supply a good test of its value. The league have fenced it in, erected swings and seesaws for the girls, provided plenty of sand for the little ones to delve in, and laid in one place a wooden floor, upon which the Board of Education has erected a tent and arranged for daily kindergartens. This part of the ground is under the supervision of "a Play-ground Mother" and an assistant.

In the section given over to the boys and young men there is a running-track and a well-equipped gymnasium, consisting of a frame-work of 3-inch pipe, with rings, ladders, bars, climbing-poles, vaulting-horse, punching-bag, and other accessories, presided over by an instructor. Such is "Hudsonbank," which was opened on August 27 with a display of athletic and gymnastic games given by the chief athletic clubs of the city. The following day the instructor settled down to business and began his classes. At first there was a tendency to "guy the show" and "heave rocks," but that did not last long; and when, a week later, the writer visited the place, boys and young men were working away with a will, and the instructor, while maintaining an excellent discipline, was on the friendliest terms with all. One young fellow, perhaps twenty years old, started in to throw the weight. He was half fooling when he began, but he threw it farther than the others. Then the instructor stepped up and showed him how to "put" it. By degrees he became interested; he had found something in which he could excel, and it was remarkable to notice the effect that it had upon his whole demeanor. The fooling was forgotten; he carried himself with a newly awakened self-respect. A young fellow with such a back and arms as he has must exercise his strength in some way. Hitherto a street brawl was the only opportunity. The gymnasium has suggested another.

C. H. C.

N.B.—The treasurer of the league is Mrs. Charles R. Lowell, 120 East Thirtieth Street, New York city.

GOLDEN-ROD.

The golden-rod is blowing
Beside the orchard wall,
Its tawny tassel's glowing
Where breezes rise and fall.

It is the torch some fairy
Is wielding far and near
On pinion light and airy,
By mead and marsh and mere,

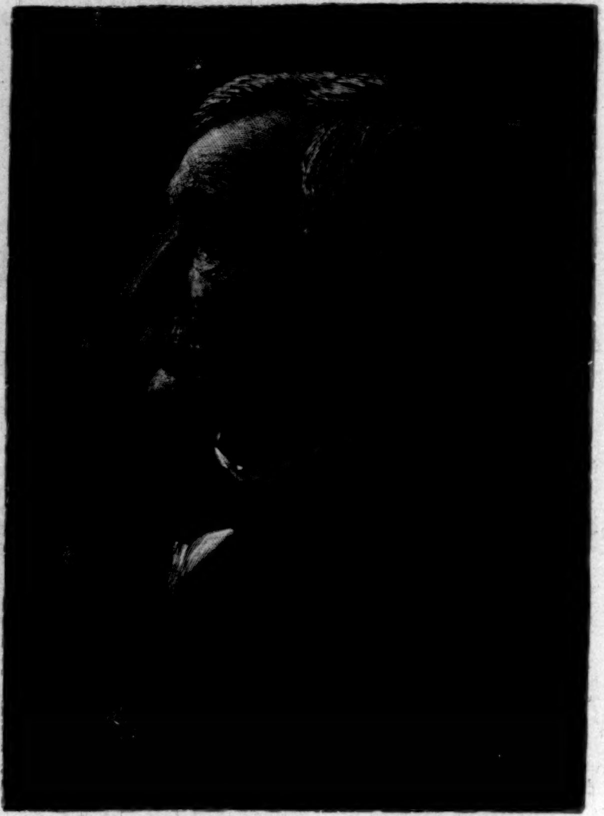
While all the leaves are falling,
And all the air is chill,
To set the bonfire crawling
Along the hazy hill.

R. K. Munkittrick.

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

Born March 8, 1822. Died in Baltimore September 23, 1898.

A man of very spontaneous, wholly uncommon humor. A man who, well as he could write a story, could still tell it even better; who, as his many friends knew, could hold an audience, large or small, with improvised anecdote, character sketches, brilliant comment, and hold them long after midnight, with a personal charm that not even the best of his stories manifests in cold print. Mr. Johnston was a charming personality, without self-consciousness—without full realization, perhaps, of his own abilities. Thus it was not until he reached the age of forty-five years that he learned his own special power, and saw the career of a successful man of letters opening before him. It is said that for the first of the *Dukesborough Tales* he neither demanded nor expected remuneration. These *Dukesborough Tales*, it should be said, first appeared inconspicuously enough in the old *Southern Magazine;* then, when published in book form, they gained the approval of Northern editors, and of Sidney Lanier, who, like Mr. Johnston, was a Georgian. The so-called Dukesborough was the village of Powelton, where young Johnston's education began at a school conducted by teachers from Massachusetts and Vermont. He graduated at Mercer College, taught for several years, and was admitted to the bar. In 1857 he was offered the judgeship of the northern circuit, but preferred another field of activity opened to him at the same time by the authorities of the University of Georgia, who offered him the chair of belles-lettres. At Athens he was congenially employed until the outbreak of the civil war, when he retired to his country home near Sparta. In 1867 we find him in Baltimore County, Maryland, still teaching, and with forty Georgia boys in his care.



RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

Hearty recognition of the merit of the *Dukesborough Tales* encouraged Mr. Johnston to produce a long series of stories, which won friendship and admiration for their author in all parts of the United States.

As literary material he used his own experience, his observation of the types then comparatively unfamiliar in the world of letters—the "Georgia Cracker," the country judge, the lawyer, the client, the traveller, who were all real people to this genial author, and became hardly less real, through his powers of description, to readers all over the country. It is almost impossible to realize now how strange these types appeared only a score of years ago. *Old Mark Langston, a Tale of Duke's Creek*, followed the *Dukesborough Tales*, and, like them, was a vivid picture of country life in Georgia. Then we had *Two Gray Tourists;* and then, as the product of excursions such as most literary workmen undertake at one period or another of their careers, a *Biography of Alexander H. Stephens*, and *A History of English Literature*, produced in conjunction with Dr. William H. Browne, of Johns Hopkins University. Subsequent years brought more stories to Mr. Johnston's admiring readers; to the writer himself the same years brought anxiety, the loss of some of those who were nearest and dearest, and a failure in strength that his friends marked after the death of his wife. Among so many products of a hand that gained skill from the use which never wore out the distinctive charm it is hard to particularize; but perhaps the *Ogeechee Cross-Firings* may be mentioned as an example of his later manner.

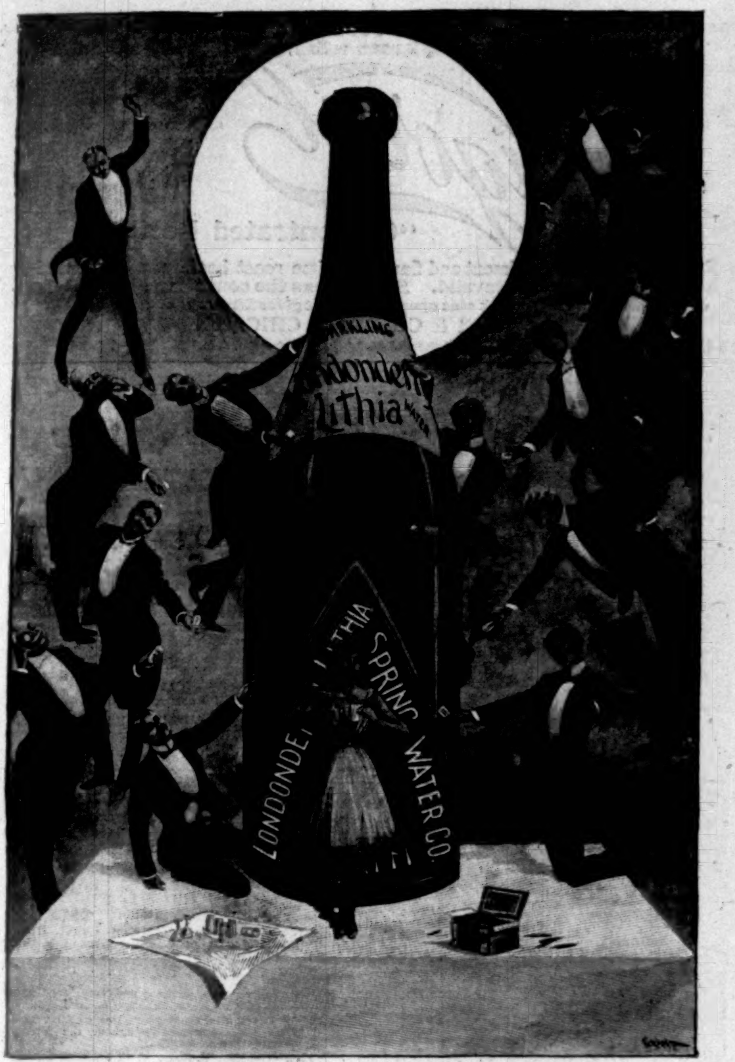
Marrion Wilcox.

DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT TO ALEXANDER II.

Czar Alexander II. emancipated the serfs February 19, 1861; Czar Nicholas II. suggested universal disarmament August 27, 1898. The two acts seem to be rather slightly related to each other. By the former more than twenty-one millions of people were freed and gained the village commune as their actual property; by the latter a proposal to the governments represented at St. Petersburg impressed once more upon the public conscience the cost and the folly of war. So both lie in the domain of humanitarian effort; but there is a tremendous difference between such an achievement in 1861 and a mere suggestion in 1898. Nevertheless, the Russian peasant already calls Nicholas II. "The Czar Pacificator." The Russian peasant does not know that a suggestion from his Czar may be disregarded in some parts of the world.

When Nicholas decided to make his communication to the powers, he chose to make it while Moscow was celebrating the completion of the monument to Alexander II.—that is, during the last week of August.

The monument rises from the grand terrace of the Kremlin, overlooking river and town. The statue, of colossal size, is supported on a pedestal of red marble, and surrounding it on three sides is a gallery in the antique manner, decorated with portraits in mosaic of all former Russian sovereigns. At the ceremonies with which this impressive memorial was inaugurated the Emperor and Empress were present, together with the greater nobles and high officials of the empire, and special envoys from all the Asiatic sovereigns that enjoy the Russian protectorate. Army and navy were represented very prominently, of course, and only less conspicuous than the soldiers and sailors were the Metropolitan and the clergy of this stronghold of the ancient faith. In the gayly decorated streets the people—such a throng as only Moscow can produce, with costumes of almost every Asiatic as well as European type contending in shades of red and yellow—displayed great enthusiasm; and the celebration was protracted through several days and nights. Fireworks and a general illumination, military music and peals of bells, expressed patriotic fervor that may safely be ascribed to Nicholas the Pacificator and to Alexander the Emancipator in about equal measure.



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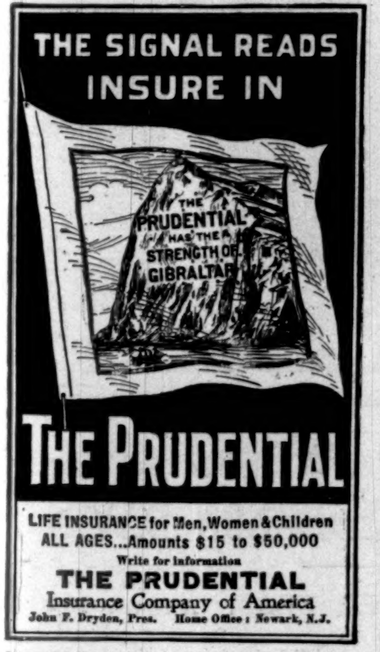
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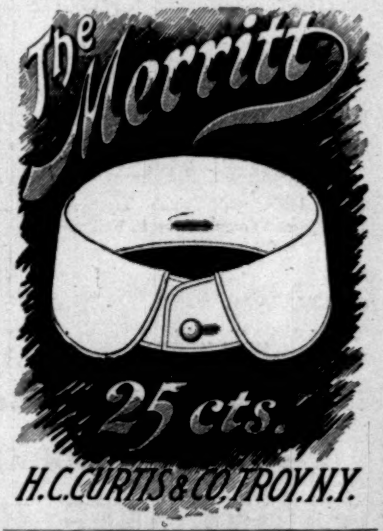
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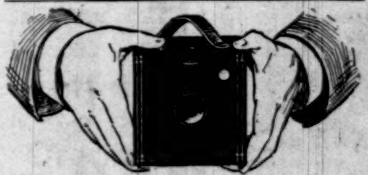

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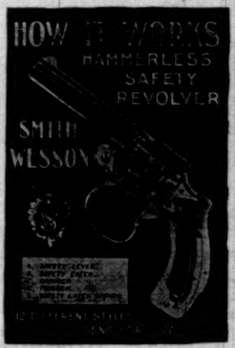
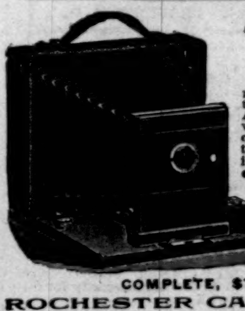


REVOLVERS



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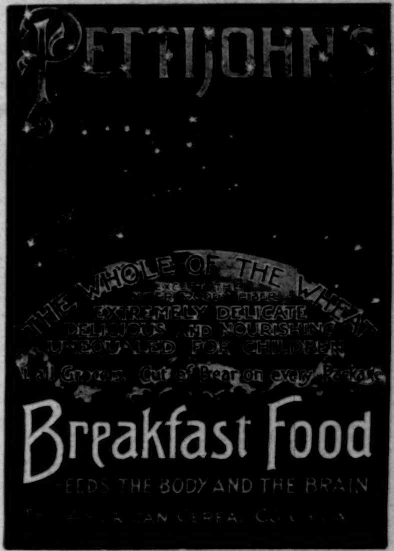

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